# Little Old New York

BY
RIDA
JOHNSON
YOUNG

Dec, 24, 1924.

To Bebe with wishes
for success during the
years to come.

From Irene I. Quist

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# LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

*Cosmopolitan Photoplay.* *Little Old New York.*

MARION DAVIES. HARRISON FORD.

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BY

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED
WITH SCENES FROM THE
COSMOPOLITAN PHOTOPLAY
STARRING MARION DAVIES

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# LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

## CHAPTER I

At one of the small tables in the restaurant that young Lorenzo Delmonico had lately opened two young men sat eating oysters and drinking ale. Through the open front of the little shop they could look out on Bowling Green; in the distance rose the tall masts of the ships at the East River docks.

Young men of fashion were these. They had an air. Their clothes were of the best; high beaver hats; coats cut by artists; shirts and stocks of the finest linen. Any passer-by could have told you who they were. Henry Brevoort, the older was; son of a house that had lately, to the amused astonishment of all New York, built a great home up Greenwich way, beyond the old Potter's field. And, having his name, you must have

been able to tell the rest; even in London young Brevoort was known as one who carried his liquor better and played his cards harder and more desperately than any man of his generation.

His friend was FitzGreene Halleck, richer in family than in worldly goods; handsome, popular—and a slave. He was, in effect, the secretary of a man beginning then to make himself felt as a dominant factor in the business life of the city—an old German fur merchant and trader, John Jacob Astor by name, who had a mania for buying land, and owned property all along Broadway, where it still was—and people held would always remain—a country road.

Halleck drew out his watch and started.

"We must hurry, Henry," he said. "I must be at Larry Delavan's before old Astor gets there or I'll catch it!"

"Plenty of time—plenty of time," said Brevoort. "How much do you suppose Larry gets from his stepfather?"

"I don't know," said Halleck, with a shrug of his shoulders. "We'll find out soon enough, though. Everything he had, I suppose. Though he may have left a little to charity, of course."

"There were no other relatives?"

"I never heard of any. Ready?"

He turned toward the counter, where Delmonico was busy. But he was ready to attend to his patrons.

"How much?" asked Halleck.

Delmonico stood, reckoning their bill.

"Ale—oysters—coffee—and the vegetable—fifty cents, gentlemen!"

"Monstrous!" said Brevoort. "I give you my word, Fitz, the man's a robber!"

"But, gentlemen—you have no idea how the cost of food goes up and up! And wages—here's my apprentice, young Childs, gets a whole dollar a week!"

They laughed as they tossed the money down, and went out. Sunlight flooded Bowling Green. They looked south to the

river and the harbor; to the Staten Island hills and the low marshes of New Jersey. A tall ship, under full sail, was coming in, homeward bound from China. Sloops and small craft abounded in the harbor; Halleck pointed to one sail.

"There's Cornelius Vanderbilt's ferry," he said. "He makes a good thing of that, between the Battery and Staten Island. Old Astor thinks a lot of him."

Brevoort smiled.

"Beastly thing, work," he said. "Oblige me by not mentioning it."

"With all my heart! Oblige me by converting old Astor to your views!"

Larry Delavan's house was before them. A pleasant, rambling house it was, that some old Dutchman of a century before had built for his ease. Beside it was a garden, with hollyhocks and larkspur in full bloom, and roses in profusion, that ran to the adjoining garden of the great Schuyler mansion.

Delavan himself greeted them in the great

living room of the house. He stood before a fireplace of noble proportions. In the center of the room was a great table on which Reilley, Delavan's old butler, was laying out paper, ink and quills. In a chair by the table lounged a young man who grasped a glass in one hand, while, with the other, he waved a languid greeting to the newcomers.

This was Washington Irving, wit, good liver, and Larry's closest friend. He glanced through the window now, and rose.

"Here's old Astor, Larry," he said.

A lumbering coach had driven up outside, and from it there descended the man in whose bundle of papers Larry Delavan's fate was held. He took out his watch as he came in, and looked gruffly at Halleck, who wilted visibly, losing much of his air of a man about town at once. To Brevoort Astor gave a cool nod; he did not greatly approve of that young man.

Astor took his place at the head of the

table; waved the young men to seats about it. Then, with a maddening deliberation, he put on his spectacles, opened up his bundle of papers, and began seeking the one he wanted. He found it at last; an envelope, carefully sealed. He broke the seals; took out the paper within, and began to read it over to himself. As he did so his eyes were drawn together in a little frown of surprise.

"Now, gentlemen," he said at last, "I will read my late friend's last will and testament."

Astor still spoke with a marked German accent, thickening his consonants, substituting v for w, doubling all his s's. But they could understand him—only too well, it seemed! He read:

"I, Richard O'Day, being of sound mind, do bequeath my entire estate to Patrick O'Day, the son of my brother, who was known for some time to reside in Dublin, Ireland."

He paused and looked around. Delavan was staring, his mouth open, his eyes incredulous. Brevoort scowled darkly; Halleck was dazed; Irving, quicker than the others to recover from his surprise, looked from one to the other of them, keenly anxious to see how they took the staggering news.

"But—it can't be—does it really say that?" Delavan exclaimed.

"Would I make of it a joke?" asked Astor, angrily. He held out the will, and Larry, reading, fell back as the written words confirmed what he had heard.

"Go on," he said, at last. "There's more."

"And I nominate John Jacob Astor as sole executor," Astor went on, "and my stepson, Lawrence Delavan, as sole guardian of the said Patrick O'Day, the said Delavan to receive one hundred dollars per month for his services."

Only Delavan's bitter laugh broke the si-

lence of Astor's pause. Then the reading went on:

"If the said Patrick O'Day be not found within one year from the date of my death, my entire estate shall revert to my step-son, the aforementioned Lawrence Delavan."

Slowly Astor folded the will, put it back into its envelope, and restored that, in turn, to its place among his other papers. Larry sat still, too overcome to speak. Halleck scowled; Brevoort got up and walked up and down the room.

"Well," said Irving, "I, for one, hope this young O'Day will not be found! The money's yours by right, Larry!"

Astor turned upon him grimly.

"A man may do as he will with his own, Mr. Irving," he said. "If Patrick O'Day is not found it will not be for lack of trying. I shall send word to my London agent by the next packet of mine that sails."

Yet, even as he spoke so sternly, his eyes

rested upon Larry with something of sympathy. His hand fell on his shoulder.

"Never mind, my boy," he said. "You have it in you to do great things for yourself. No one left me money—and yet I have not done so badly."

"Never worry about him, Mr. Astor," said Brevoort. "We'll help him to forget his troubles—eh, boys?"

Astor turned to him with a frown, but said nothing. Then, picking up his papers, he called to Halleck to follow him, and went out. Halleck made to follow him; hesitated; turned, at the door, with a comic gesture of despair, and cupped his mouth with one hand.

"Later!" he said. "I'll meet you at the Pleasure Gardens in Hoboken after I get away—I'll not be later than eight o'clock!"

Larry Delavan had slumped into his chair. Who could blame him? That morning fortune had smiled upon him. He had believed himself the heir to a great estate.

The world had been at his feet. And now—he was a beggar! For this pittance that was left to him he must play guardian to a boy he had never seen—and a boy, moreover, who had taken from him all that for years he had regarded as his own!

"Come!" said Irving. "Come, Larry, my friend! That stands — friendship — good fellowship! Come to the Pleasure Gardens now—they brew a punch there strong enough to drown the deepest disappointment!"

Brevoort slapped him on the back.

"Irving's right, Larry," he said. "It's a bad run of the cards—but, man, the luck must turn! Up with you—face it with a smile! Bad luck was never made better yet by a long face! Show fortune she can't rule you, come she fair or come she foul!"

Larry sprang up. He held out a hand to each of them.

"You're right!" he said. "Damn wills and Irish nephews—but they can't spoil

good punch, no matter what they do! I'm with you—Reilley, see to the house. I'll be back—when I come back!"

Reilley watched them go, nodding. There was no novelty in that farewell for him.

## CHAPTER II

FAMINE and black poverty stalked side by side in Ireland in those days. Fresh still were the memories of the red days of '98; green still were the graves that British muskets had filled. There was a tragic meaning in the crooning of the Wearing of the Green. And happy was the Irish lad who had the silver in his pocket to carry him across the broad Atlantic to the new land of liberty that lay beyond the setting sun.

Yet, though the blight might lie upon the potato and the people starve, though poverty like death itself might be abroad, debts must be paid—or the law take its course. Behind the landlord stood all the power of the British Crown, resolute to see that he should have his own.

As bright a sun as shone upon the house

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BOWLING GREEN AS IT WAS IN 1810.

in which, in Bowling Green, Richard O'Day had lived and prospered and, in the end, died, looked down upon a mean, thatched cottage in an Irish street. Outside the village street was thick in mud; pigs wallowed in it; children daubed themselves with it. Within, a boy lay sick; an old man sat and scowled; a girl sang as she stirred the porridge that was cooking over a peat fire.

Down the muddy street there came a motley gathering. Peasants there were; women in bare feet, their short skirts gathered up; boys and young girls; scowling men, who carried blackthorn shillelaghs, and held them close, as if they feared the mischief they might do. They milled about a little group that moved with a clear and evil purpose; the King's Sheriff and his men, badged of office by their high hats.

Sullen was the crowd; sullen and quiet. It was helpless. It might have overwhelmed the sheriff and his men—but to what end? Were not the barracks, a scant half-dozen

miles away, full of redcoats? All the power of England stood behind the sheriff. They could only stand and watch, those Irish men and women, as the notice was tacked up against the rotting fence post. They had seen such notices put up before; would see them many a time again. They could only pray that their turn would not come, that, somehow, by pinching and by scraping, they could go on getting the rent together.

Now the old man who sat within and scowled heard the commotion and came out. And the sick boy, tossing on his bed, heard, and cried out, querulously, to know what was amiss. And the girl heard, and knew, and her hand went to her heart, as though a sudden pain had stricken her.

The sheriff glanced at the notice. It was in order. John O'Day, debtor—judgment—execution—yes, all the forms were there. To be dispossessed forthwith—and the magistrate's signature. As firm a warrant as though King George himself had affixed his

royal signature! No more delay; an ugly business; best to get it over. For the sheriff knew that even though the crowd, should it attack him, would live to rue its hardihood, his own broken head would hurt him none the less should delay serve to rouse the peasants to interference with the law.

Calling to his men to follow he strode in. He made no pause at the door; why knock for admittance at the home of such defaulters as these O'Days? He flung the door open; went in. And, a minute later out he came, tumbling helter skelter with his men, fleeing before a fury in flying skirts, who brandished a poker and cried out threats as she pursued them.

"Out with you—with no more manners than to be storming in upon a house of sickness!" she cried. "Out—and begone!"

In the yard the sheriff gathered his courage. Here, after all, was but one small girl to be faced. A vixen—a very wildcat—but not so terrible.

"Now, then," he said, blustering, "it'll go hard with all of ye if ye interfere with us in doing our plain duty."

She brandished her poker again.

"Have you no sense of decency at all?" she cried. "Raising such a clatter and a clamor and my poor little brother lying there inside with his death upon him?"

The sheriff smiled wearily. He was used to such pleas; used to denunciations.

"It's not my will that's to be done here," he said, more gently. "I've only my orders to carry out—"

"Stand up to 'em, Patricia darlin'!" cried a voice from the crowd. "Sure, and we're all wid ye—"

But now, from inside the house, John O'Day came out. He was an old man. He had the look of a fanatic; hate was in his smouldering eyes. But he was gentle as he put his hand upon Patricia's shoulder.

"It's no use, Patricia darling," he said. "They've taken everything else—sure they

might as well have the shell of a house we live in with the rest."

"I'll never—"

She flamed into a vehement protest. But her father turned to the sheriff. Dignity and perfect courtesy were in his manner. He would not bandy words with one who was, after all, helpless to do other than he was doing.

"Go in about your business and your duty," he said. "Patricia—you will do nothing to interfere—"

She swallowed a sob. But there was nothing for her to do but to obey; ever since she could remember her father's word had been law in his own household. Misfortune and adversity might have brought him low, but neither of his children had ever dreamed of questioning anything he ordered them to do.

The sheriff and his deputies went in; John O'Day, following them, faced the sheriff as he might have stood to receive his guests in a mansion. The sheriff, a little

abashed, conscious of something that was beyond his reach, handed him an official paper; O'Day waved it aside.

"Proceed, sir," he said. "I have no need to read—I do not question your authority."

But suddenly Patricia could stand it no longer. She flung herself toward the sheriff.

"Oh, sir!" she cried. "Just give us time —a little time! My uncle in America is rich! One word from me and he will send the money—if you'll but give us time to hear—"

But even as she spoke her father seized her by the shoulders. She cried out in pain. Dignity was gone from his face as he swung her around so that she could see his furious, blazing eyes.

"Must I be telling you again never to mention the name of my ungrateful brother?"

For the moment his anger silenced her. But another emotion even stronger than fear had her in its grip—her love for the brother

who lay dying, within hearing of all this commotion.

"It's well my father has done to be angry with him," she said, "for it was himself gave his brother five pounds to be going to New York, and since he married a grasping wife 'tis never a word we've heard from him!"

The sheriff frowned; John O'Day, startled by this first insubordination, was silent for the moment. And Patricia, emboldened, went on.

"But it's in the case we're in now I'll be after writin' him a letter that will touch the hard hearts of the both of them," she said. "Just give us time to hear—"

But now her father's rage flared up again. He swept her aside; turned to the sheriff.

"Be about your work!" he said. "If I was dyin' I'd never call upon my brother to be helping me!"

The sheriff shrugged his shoulders; spoke to his men. At once, as if glad to be given

something to do beside stand sheepishly about, they went to work. Swiftly and with the ease long custom gives, they set to work to dismantle the house. The few sticks of furniture were carried out into the mud of the street; the pictures were torn from the walls. Patricia, beaten at last, drew close to her father, and they stood watching. His arm stole about her, and drew her close, until she turned at last, and buried her head on his shoulder.

But now, suddenly, the door of the room the sheriff had not yet invaded opened. Patrick stood there in his nightclothes. He was burning with fever; his great eyes, unnaturally bright, took in the dreadful scene. At once Patricia and her father went to him; gently they drew him back into the room, urged him to lie down again.

And all the time, without, fate was coming nearer. Fate assumes disguises at her pleasure. She chose, this time, the garb of a little man, fat, dapper, elderly, important.

He came up, puffing; asked questions of the crowd.

"The O'Days? Sure and it's here they live, yer honor!"

A dozen eager guides showed him the way. He went inside; stared as he saw what was going on; came close to smiling.

"Is your name John O'Day?" he asked the sheriff.

"That it's not—but you'll find him inside the door there," said the sheriff. "Here—O'Day!"

Patricia and O'Day came out. For the moment all was quiet; the deputies ceased their work to stare and listen, convinced that something out of the ordinary was afoot.

"Are you John O'Day?" asked the stranger.

"I have that misfortune."

At once the newcomer began to chuckle. Never, you would say, had there been so rare a joke. His laughter set him first to wheez-

ing, then to coughing. At last he was able to speak again.

"God bless my soul!" he said. "Misfortune, you call it? Do you know who I am, Mr. O'Day? No? I am a solicitor. I'll wager you have dealt with my tribe before —but not like this." Once more he fell to chuckling. "Do you know that we've been searching for you these ten months, sir? Ten months!"

"Sure and we've been here ten times ten months!" said Patricia.

"No matter now—I've found you, and in time. I've news. Sad news—yet with something to temper sadness. Mr. O'Day—you had a brother Richard, who for some time was a resident of New York in the United States of America?"

"Had—?" said O'Day. "You mean—?"

"I mean your brother's dead, sir. There's the sad news. And—he died rich. Rich—and left his riches to your son, Patrick O'Day, some time of Dublin."

For a moment Patricia and her father stared at one another. Then they were in one another's arms, and dancing wildly. Until there came to them, suddenly, the memory of the sick boy, and they flew to make him the sharer of their joy.

"And so they're rich!" the sheriff said. "Eh, and it's a strange world!"

"Rich—by the chance that set me on their track!" the lawyer said. "We'd given them up when we found a clue. They've come far down in the world—kept little but their pride, I take it. So proud was this O'Day he would not tell those who had known him in better days where he meant to hide himself away. Sheriff, you'd better begin to bring back these things. What's the execution for?"

The sheriff named the sum; the lawyer, from a wallet fat with notes, paid him. Patricia came back then, and tears were in her eyes as she saw the deputies bringing back the belongings she had seen them carry

out. And O'Day, restored to sanity, and to the thought of his manners, came to thank the lawyer.

"Your son is sick, I hear," the solicitor said. "I hope he will be well enough to travel immediately. There is little enough time left to meet the conditions of the will, since he must be in New York within a year of his uncle's death. And—ten months have gone already."

"You mean he'll lose his fortune if he's not there?"

"So the will directs. In that event the whole estate reverts to Lawrence Delavan, your brother's stepson."

"Is it Delavan!" Rage transformed John O'Day once more into the maniac who had turned upon Patricia. "May God stiffen all the Delavans—it was this one's mother turned my brother's heart against his own!"

But here was something that concerned the lawyer not at all. His instructions were

plain; his duty simple. There was time enough, but none to spare. He followed Patricia into the boy's room; stood looking down at him. Patrick was smiling; good news had buoyed him up; he had a strength far beyond reality.

"Can you travel with us in the morning—on your way to London?" asked the lawyer. "There'll be a chaise—all comfort that may be. There's no more than time to catch the packet."

"I can travel to the moon!" cried Patrick.

## CHAPTER III

In New York life was not greatly changed for Larry Delavan by the blow that old John Jacob Astor had dealt him when he read his stepfather's will. Larry had the house in any case; it had been his mother's, and had descended to him, together with a tiny income, which was augmented by the hundred dollars a month left to him by his stepfather. Astor, sympathizing with him, had construed the provisions of the will liberally, and made that payment, even though, as yet, Larry's guardianship had not begun.

Larry himself thought little enough of his affairs. The first disappointment had unsettled him, but he had smiled, almost at once. After all, it was fair enough; a man should leave his money to his own kin. And Larry had had no claims upon his step-

father. He had been fond of him, in a way, but he had never acknowledged his paternal authority; had always a little resented, indeed, his mother's second marriage, especially, perhaps, because she had chosen, in making it, to step outside the little charmed circle that, in old New York, was already assuming oligarchic powers so far as the social life of the growing city went.

A few great names ruled the town. Descendants of the patroons; scions of great French and British families. Upstarts like Astor were held of small account; a young man named Cornelius Vanderbilt was only just beginning to receive nods from men like Irving and Halleck, although Delavan, as it happened, knew him and liked him well.

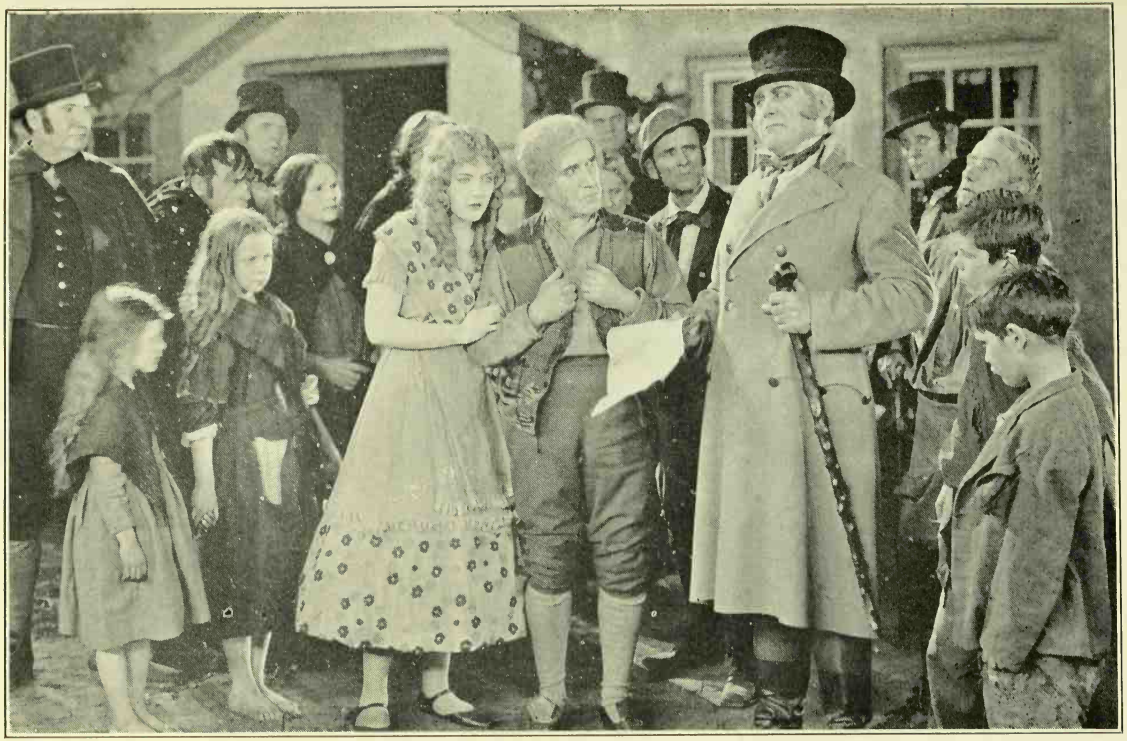
Larry was well enough off; better off by far, for instance, than FitzGreene Halleck, who had to submit to old Astor's temper and strict conduct of his office.

Life in New York was a simple and a pleasant life in those days. It revolved

about the narrow end of the peninsula of Manhattan. Great ships came up the bay; anchored off the Battery; were moored at the wharves along the North and East rivers. The trade they carried went to swell the rising fortunes of men like Astor. More and more strangers came to dwell within the city. Every ship brought young folk from Ireland; Germans, too, were beginning to come in, although the great day of the German immigration still lay in the future.

The new City Hall stood in its classic beauty, far uptown; a prudent regard for economy had led to some alteration of the architect's plans for its rear elevation, since it was so unlikely that any one would ever look at it from that view. The pleasant villages of Greenwich, Chelsea, Yorkville, lay to the north; far in the country, a day's drive, was Harlem.

The playground of the bloods was across the river in New Jersey. Ferries carried them to Hoboken; to the Pleasure Gardens,



*Cosmopolitan Photoplay.* *Little Old New York*

JOHN O'DAY AND PATRICIA ARE SERVED WITH A NOTICE OUSTING THEM FROM THEIR LITTLE HOME IN IRELAND.

where there was cockfighting and all manner of diversion; to the Elysian Fields, where, a few years later, a new game called baseball was to be played for the first time.

For Larry the time passed pleasantly enough. His house was a meeting place for the young men who set the fashion. Here was no woman to impose restrictions upon their play or their hours; Reilley might have his views, but he was too good a servant to air them to his master. The cellar was well stocked; good things to eat were abundant in the markets, and cheap; Reilley was a past master in the art of the kitchen.

Brevoort, taster of all the pleasures of life, man of the world, knew Paris and London as he knew his own New York. He was never truly happy save at the gaming table; in that he and Larry were kindred spirits. Washington Irving played with them; drank with them, too. But there was a difference in the way he played and drank; some part of him seemed always absent.

He was known to write verses, sometimes; known, too, to have a keen eye and a quick wit. He made light of his scribbling, as he called it, but there were those who said that, should he choose to do so, he might make a name for himself in the world of letters. But, they added, he would never do it; he lacked energy, perseverance.

Halleck joined them often. But his nights were haunted by the specter of old Astor, always the first to reach his counting house, merciless in his judgment of sluggards. All very well for Larry and Brevoort to play all night, and freshen themselves then, for breakfast, under the pump!

"You can sleep all day!" Halleck would grumble. "As for me, I'm a slave—I'm more held down than any slave!"

To Larry, though, there did come moments of depression; moments when he wondered if the life he lived were worth while. For to a young man in old New York, no matter how devoted he might be to the pursuit of

pleasure, there were bound to be intimations of the idleness of his ways.

New York was a growing city, a busy, a hard-working city. It was a great port, through which there flowed much of the trade of the stirring nation. Already it had outstripped Philadelphia; Perth Amboy, once its rival, had sunk back into something like oblivion. It had a magnificent harbor; past it flowed the Hudson River, navigable itself to Albany, and reaching still farther westward by the Erie Canal.

There was vision in New York, and Larry Delavan, knowing every one worth knowing, was bound to hear the talk that went about concerning the country's growth and what the future was to bring.

His neighbor, Mr. Schuyler, the great banker, was one of the men who sometimes fired his imagination. He had known Betty Schuyler all her life; she had a pretty way of calling to him, sometimes, to come and dine with them, taking pity, in her inno-

cence, upon his lonely bachelor estate—and knowing, too, that while Ariana de Puyster was abroad Larry was unlikely, of his own volition, to seek much company outside his house. And Betty had her own notions of how good for him were the parties that, at times, woke her up in the still hours of the night.

"This is a great country," Larry heard Schuyler say, once. "I think, the greatest in the world—potentially, the richest. It is too great—that is our difficulty. Transportation is the hub of our problem."

"There is much talk of steam," said Larry. "I hear that in England—"

"Dreams, my boy—idle dreams," said Schuyler. "Look at Mr. Fulton—wasting his time and his talents upon this steamboat of his!"

"Suppose steam worked, though, sir—wouldn't it solve the transportation problem?"

"So would flying!" Schuyler laughed.

"You'll be joining those next who say they expect to see men flying!

"No," he went on, "we must stick to what we can do. We must build more and more roads—build them to last, as the old Romans did, whose roads are still in use in England. And we must breed good horses—stout horses, that will enable us to maintain regular stage routes between our cities. And canals! I see a network of canals, threading all this land, joining our rivers, carried across our hills by the skill of our engineers. We shall do better to devote ourselves to work within the limitations God has imposed upon us than we shall if we pursue every will o' the wisp like steam that dreamers like Stephenson and Fulton dandle before us!"

Larry did not presume to argue further. But he was not convinced. For he knew Mr. Robert Fulton, that grave young man with the dour Scotch countenance; had met him through the agency of Cornelius Vanderbilt,

who ate and slept and talked transportation, morning, noon and night.

Vanderbilt believed in steam and its future with a passion bound to be impressive to one like Larry, whose affectation it was to have no passions.

"I tell you, Delavan," he said, "I can see what's coming! Steam railways stretching clear across the continent! Have you studied the map of this land? We think great things of the Hudson—I tell you, it's the Mississippi that is the river of our future! Look!"

He spread out a map. His finger ran along the great river from the gulf to the Great Lakes. It came back, then, and followed the Hudson. It came to rest at a point upon one of the Great Lakes.

"There, a hundred years hence, will be the center of this country!" he said. "I can see a great city rising there, on the prairie. I can see railways radiating from it, east, west, north, south. I care nothing for what

your Schuylers say. I *know!* The railways will come—steam will come—because without them this country cannot fulfill its destiny."

"But Fulton—?"

"Fulton is trembling on the very verge of success to-day!" said Vanderbilt. "Money is all he needs to give him the victory." He sighed. "If I were rich—! I shall be, some day, I think. But I would give much to be able to finance Fulton now! It is a terrible thing to have such faith in anything as I have in his steamboat, and to see its success hanging in the balance for the want of a few thousand dollars, and to be unable to lift a finger to help him!"

"I wish I could do something," said Larry. He was greatly moved. "If things had gone as I hoped—expected! But I'm no better off than you, Vanderbilt—not as well, indeed. You will be rich, as you say—you're the sort who succeeds, every time."

"I have heard of your disappointment,"

said Vanderbilt. "But the heir has not appeared to claim his inheritance?"

"Not yet!" said Larry, and laughed. "I'll wager I'd not have been so slow!"

"Suppose he doesn't come? There is a limit to his time, is there not?"

"A year—yes! Oh, in that case, everything comes to me. But I dare not build hopes upon that—not yet."

"Suppose fortune is kind to you, though? Would you consider advancing ten thousand dollars to Fulton then?"

"Consider it? My dear fellow, I'd do it like a shot! I like Fulton—I like you. I believe you know what you're talking about. And I'm enough of a mechanic to feel pretty sure that Fulton is on the right track, no matter what any one says. I'd like nothing better than a chance to share his profits."

"That's something for us to look forward to," said Vanderbilt. "I shall bear our talk in mind, if I may, if the time comes. And—

I hope that it will, for your own sake, as well as for Fulton's.'"

Vanderbilt was by no means the only one who knew Larry who felt so. There had been much sympathy for him when the nature of his stepfather's will had become known. No one wasted much sympathy upon an unknown boy in Ireland, no matter how poor and how deserving he might be—not when his fortune meant the casting into poverty of one so likeable as Larry Delavan.

## CHAPTER IV

As the year that had been allowed for young Patrick O'Day to appear and claim his inheritance wore on it became more and more difficult for Larry Delavan to believe that he would come. Astor kept him informed of the progress of the search; seemed genuinely glad that, thus far, it had failed.

"I have my reports," he said. "From London my agents and correspondents have sent out men. They have spared no trouble—no expense. In Dublin is there no sign or trace of this O'Day. He has disappeared. They follow up clues—it is their duty, as it is mine. But we hear nothing."

Never had words spoken in a curious mixture of English and German had a more welcome sound. Larry's friends ceased

even to think of the ill luck that had befallen him.

"You'll enjoy your dish all the more, when you taste it," said Brevoort, "for the savor this waiting will give! Lord—a new sensation! I envy you, Larry—'pon my word, I do!"

"You needn't!" said Larry. "It's all very well for you—but I'll not draw a good long breath now until the time is up!"

Yet in his own heart he harbored no doubts. Surely word would have come by now!

He had seen much of Vanderbilt; had become more and more interested in this invention of Mr. Robert Fulton's. He had no doubt of Fulton; the man was plainly on the right track. But he had spent all of his own fortune; the financing of the recent work had been a difficult matter. Vanderbilt was greatly worried.

"We have had to deal with Mr. Schuyler's bank," he said. "We owe him ten

thousand dollars. Schuyler has played safe —he has, in the vessel and the machinery, ample security, even should these experiments end in failure."

"You have money enough to see you through your trial trip?"

"Just enough," said Vanderbilt. "This is the situation. The notes to Mr. Schuyler's bank fall due almost at once. So do certain other obligations that must be met. Ten thousand dollars would cover everything. But—suppose the trial trip is a success? Mr. Schuyler will have the notes. He can foreclose then, if he pleases—take everything. Mr. Fulton and those who have become interested with him would lose everything—the exploitation of the invention and all the profits would go to Mr. Schuyler."

"He would not do so mean a thing!"

Vanderbilt shook his head and smiled.

"It is difficult to say," he said. "You know him as a kindly neighbor. But a man

may be one thing in his home, and quite another in his bank. Business, I find, is business."

"The situation is as Vanderbilt states it, is it, Mr. Fulton?" said Larry.

"Exactly, sir!"

"Well—" said Larry. "You need give yourselves no further concern. The moment that my inheritance is legally mine I shall be glad to advance you the ten thousand dollars that you need."

Fulton looked pleased; Vanderbilt exclaimed aloud in his delight, losing, for the moment, his customary poise.

"We must drink to this enterprise!" said Larry. "Some friends of mine are here—this is an occasion!"

He called, and Halleck, Brevoort and Irving came in, one by one. Fulton was known to them all by sight, but they had not met him before, and Irving, in particular, was greatly impressed.

"Is it true, Mr. Fulton," he asked, "that

you once had an audience with the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte while he was in his bath tub?"

Fulton smiled.

"Yes, it is quite true, Mr. Irving," he said.

"Trust Irving to ask a question like that!" said Brevoort, with a laugh. "He'll talk to an inventor about that—and I suppose he'd have asked the Emperor Napoleon about—"

"Some love affair—never a battle!" said Halleck.

"You may laugh at Irving," said Delavan, affectionately, "but I assure you we all have great expectations of him, Mr. Fulton."

"I should like you to tell me more of that incident some time, Mr. Fulton," said Irving. "For, you must know, I hope, some day, when I get through drinking and gambling, to write a bit."

"I shall be delighted, Mr. Irving," said

Fulton. He turned then to Delavan. "I hope I may be permitted to congratulate you, sir, upon your inheritance. The task is the more welcome because of the fortitude with which you bore your disappointment a year ago."

He bowed; went out, then, with Vanderbilt.

"So say we all, Larry!" cried Brevoort, slapping him on the back. "No man will grace a fortune better than yourself!"

And Irving, his arm about his friend, echoed Brevoort.

"As for these O'Days," he said, "I don't know whether they're lost, strayed or dead —and I don't care, for to-night we shall be merry at their expense!"

"Well said!" said Halleck. "And here's the faithful Reilley bringing up the wherewithal!"

He pointed to the next room, where Reilley was setting out glasses around the great punchbowl. Laughing they drew Larry

with them, and Irving, filling his glass, raised it.

"Now, the Lord be praised!" he cried, "for such an excellent excuse to get entirely drunk!"

"Hear, hear!" the others cried. "A pretty turn for words you have, Irving—by all means turn it to account—when all the liquor's drunk!"

None of them heard the sound of knocking on the door. But it came to Reilley's ears, and he went, slowly, to answer. Irving saw him, and started; his sense of the dramatic stayed his hand, which was about to lift his glass.

"And what's this?" he cried. "Some one coming—at this hour?"

They stood, transfixed; the same fear was in all their minds. Reilley opened the door, and Astor was seen, standing framed within it. He came in, past Reilley, who stood, his mouth open, while an old man and a boy entered.

*Cosmopolitan Photoplay.* *Little Old New York.*

PATRICIA BIDS FAREWELL TO THE EMERALD ISLE.

Larry stood a moment, dazed. Very slowly there dawned upon him the significance of what he saw. Astor—an old man—a boy. And before midnight! *Before!* Was the cup to be dashed from his lips at this eleventh hour? As if to make an omen the glass he held fell from his fingers, and was shattered to pieces on the floor.

He stared at the old man. Irish—no doubt of it. And more—he was seeing his stepfather over again. Oh, it was—and the boy—that must be young Patrick! The lad who was to take all he had fondly believed to be his—who, for the second time, had come into his life to the ruin of all his hopes! He laughed, suddenly, at the bitter mockery of it—that he must tend and guard this interloper!

Astor came close to him. He was too moved, for the moment, to betray his customary disapproval of such a scene as this; even Halleck did not get the sharp look of reproof he had been expecting.

"Larry!" he said. "This—this is young Patrick O'Day and his father. They come to-day on my packet—but if they dropped from heaven I could not be more surprised!"

Larry nodded; his eyes were all for the boy. And the boy, in turn, stared at him. Until, suddenly, old O'Day, drawing his shawl closer about him, swayed. Then the boy hurried to help him. And at last he spoke.

"I heard tell America was a wild place!" he said, angrily. "But not that there wasn't at least one gentleman who would fetch a chair for an old man!"

"Reilley!" cried Delavan. "A chair—at once—for Mr. O'Day."

Reilley hurried to obey; he and Patrick together helped the old man to settle down. Patrick turned to Astor.

"Have you the like of a bottle in your pocket, sir?" he asked.

Even Larry smiled; Irving laughed aloud at the picture of Astor's indignation.

"Excuse me, sir!" said Patrick. " 'Twas the look of your nose that made me think it."

Astor was furious. But Larry saw that something of the sort was needed, and turned to Reilley, who brought a decanter from the sideboard. And then, while he and the boy revived the old man, his friends came to him, shaking his hand, preparing to take a melancholy leave. Astor, too, approached him.

"This is bad news for you, Larry," he said. "I will come to-morrow to talk things over, when you have had a chance to begin feeling better."

And he turned toward the door. As the others made to follow Larry, without so much as a glance at Patrick or his father, went with him. He could not trust himself alone with them just yet.

Reilley was left to care for them. And blood cried to Irish blood. Reilley worshipped Larry—but here were two of his own race, far from home, and in sore need of friendship, if Reilley knew the world he had lived in so long. There could be no doubt, in eyes that had looked as often as Reilley's upon death, of the state of John O'Day; the old man was near his end. He had clung desperately to life so far; now that the strain was over, that he had brought his boy safely to his destination, he would not linger long.

"Sure and your father's tired, Master Patrick," he said. "That's all that's ailing him."

At his words the boy spun around, and a strange thing happened. For a swift crimson flooded his face, and he stood, staring. Yet the explanation came readily enough to Reilley; who, before, had ever given this lad a handle to his name? He shook his head. He had seen beggars put

upon horseback before in his time—and not yet had he seen good come of it. He went out sorrowfully. Trouble had come to the house he loved; of so much, if of nothing more, he was sure.

Alone with his father the boy stood a moment, listening. Then, with a cry, he turned.

"Oh, father!" he said. "Maybe it's not too late! For the love of the saints let's run before they find us out!"

The old man half rose in his chair.

"Would you be denyin' me the vengeance I've waited half a lifetime for? Would you be cheatin' him that's dead and gone out of what was his by every right?"

He was a terrible and tragic figure, with his clenched fists, and his blazing eyes. Death had marked his body, but his will was still as strong, as wild, as it had ever been.

"Bad cess to you!" he cried, in his rage. "Would you have my dyin' curse to remember all your days—my curse upon a

daughter that's forsworn! Keep a bold front, girl!"

Girl—for this was not young Patrick, dead at sea, and cast to the Atlantic, but Patricia. Patricia who had defied the sheriff—who, in the extremity of that terrible voyage, had donned her brother's clothes and deceived all the ship's company into believing that it was the girl, and not the boy, who, sewed in a hammock, had been committed to the waves!

She hesitated now. But at the door she heard a step; Larry was coming back. And her father's eyes filled her with terror.

"Oh, do but be still!" she cried. "I'll do as you bid me—God help me!"

## CHAPTER V

BITTER as were Larry Delavan's feelings toward the O'Days he was incapable of failing to see that the boy, after all, was not to blame. He had done only what he had been bidden to do; he had not sought to injure Larry; certainly, his appearance at the last possible moment had not been designed to produce the effect it had had.

Even that night, in the garden, as he bid farewell to his friends, he had begun to rally from the shock, and pull himself together.

"After all, I'll still have a hundred a month—and it's better than nothing a year!" he said.

"You've the right spirit, Larry!" said Brevoort. "And never fear but your friends will stand by you! We'll leave you

now—but you shall see us to-morrow, if you will."

"I'll need you more than ever now," said Larry.

He had gone in to be turned upon by the boy, furious because no one had yet offered to provide a bed for the old man. He had called Reilley, only to find that Reilley had anticipated his orders. And Reilley, too, had taken the old man upstairs—leaving Larry alone, for the first time, with Patricia—though, to him, of course, she was Patrick.

Small wonder that she had succeeded in carrying out the deception her father had planned! She had lived more like a boy than a girl at home; had been stronger, always, more robust, more active than her sickly younger brother. Her father had said a hundred times that she should have been the boy, Patrick the girl. And now it was so!

She made a wonderfully handsome boy.

Patrick's clothes fitted her to perfection; became her slight and boyish figure, too. Larry, regarding her, had been conscious, resentfully, of a queer feeling of sympathy, almost of liking. But that was going too far! He had turned to her coldly.

"If you want anything, for your father or yourself, ask Reilley for it," he said.

"There's one thing I'm wanting no Reilley can be givin' me," she said, impudently. "I could be after doin' with a bit of welcome from my only relation in America!"

He had laughed.

"That's asking a good deal!" he said. "After all—you've cost me a pretty penny—though I bear you no grudge for that. But remember you're no relation to me! Your uncle was only my stepfather, you know!"

"Aye—the saints be praised that we've no blood in common!" she cried, her quick temper flaming up. "Sure, and I might have

known the Delavans had neither manners nor kindness in them! I wish I'd stayed in Ireland!"

"Oh, well," said Larry, "I won't trouble you much. I'll be out all night and asleep all day."

He turned away from her, lighting his pipe as he sat down. For a moment she was furious—until she remembered that he, of course, thought her a boy! Master Larry wouldn't be treating a pretty step-cousin so, she thought—even though she had cost him a fortune! And she smiled. Then, very softly, she crossed the room to him; caught herself; just in time, as she was about to lay her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't be goin' on sprees," she said. "Sure, what's the good of a spree when it's all over?"

He stared at her in astonishment. A simple question—but how answer it? For a moment her smile, the straight, keen look in her eyes came close to conquering his re-

sentment and his instinctive dislike. But then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Go to bed, child!" he said.

Patricia started. But she bit back the angry words that rose to her lips; turned, and went upstairs. Once, as she went up, she looked back at him, and a curious, wistful smile played about the corners of her mouth. He sat before the fire, looking into its dying embers, the picture of dejection. And she went on, up to her father.

Morning found Larry better able to cope with the situation. His duty was plain. He must care for this boy; must see to it that he grew into a man fit to bear the responsibilities of his fortune. Personal feelings could not be allowed to enter into the matter. He had a trust; it behooved him to fulfill it. He was prepared to meet Astor when the time came.

He rose late; when he went down to breakfast Pat was in the dining room. And Larry, to his disgust, saw the boy picking

up the dishes from which he had been eating. Pat checked himself at the look in Larry's eyes. But when Larry reached for his cup Pat was before him, ready to pour his coffee. Larry stared for a moment; then snatched the pot.

"Such things are for servants to do—or girls!" he said.

Reilley came in just then, and Larry, in relief, turned to him.

"How is Mr. O'Day this morning, Reilley?" he asked.

"Sure, he's better the day," said Reilley. "I was not a surgeon in President Washington's army for nothing."

Pat listened. She was relieved; Reilley's words gave her more hope for her father than she had dared to entertain since her brother's death. She was easier in her mind, too; so far, at least, she had not been discovered. But she must be on her guard, since her father insisted that she should go on with this monstrous deception.

Pat scarcely knew what she thought of Larry Delavan. He was, certainly, far from being the monster of cruelty and avarice her father had portrayed. He had been none too kind, but Pat could enter into his feelings. And if he knew! Knew that the fortune was really his; that she and her father were impostors, cheating him out of his own!

Eh, well, he must just not find out! She listened while Larry and Reilley talked. And, unconsciously, she did a thing that, had she thought, she would have cut off her hand rather than do. In a bowl on the table were flowers from the garden that Reilley had plucked and had, manlike, put into the bowl without any attempt at arrangement. Her fingers itched to be at them; gradually they had their way.

She stood, bending over the flowers. And suddenly Reilley saw what she was doing; the amazement in his eyes made Larry, too,

look at Pat. He and Reilley exchanged glances; then Larry, angry and disgusted, spoke.

"For heaven's sake stop acting like a girl!" he said. "It's my job to make a man of you—and I see I've no sinecure!"

He spoke sharply, but there was no ill nature in his voice; it was such a reproof as a boy might well expect a half a dozen times a day, from even the kindest of guardians. But in her overwrought and nervous state it was too much for Pat—to say nothing of the agony of fear that rose at that stern command not to act like what she knew she was—a girl! The tears came to her eyes; try as she would she could not drive them back, and turned away, that they might not see.

But she was too late. Larry, astonished, got up and crossed to her; took her by the shoulders, and, in spite of her resistance, swung her around to face him.

"For heaven's sake!" he exclaimed.

"He's crying, Reilley! Here, boy—stop it!"

And that, naturally, only made her cry the harder.

"Baby!" said Larry, contemptuously. "I suppose we'll have to get him a rocking horse or a jumping jack, Reilley!"

Pat did her best, but her sobs still shook her, and, after a moment, Larry turned away, in angry disgust, and went out of the room. She looked up quickly as he went; then turned imploring eyes to Reilley, who only shook his head, mournfully.

"You'll not go far with him along that road, Master Pat," he said. "He'll never have a whining dog nor one that comes crawling to him on his belly. He's all for courage and strength."

Pat, disconsolate, feeling that she had no friend at all in this land so far from home, wandered into the next room. She saw Larry in the garden, talking earnestly to two young men—Fulton and Vanderbilt, al-

though, as yet, she did not know that. And, quite shamelessly, standing in the open window, but shielded from their view, she listened.

"I see you have heard the news of my misfortune," Larry was saying. "Bad news travels fast."

"I'm afraid it is bad news indeed for us," said Fulton, gloomily. "We had counted upon you. I understand that it is no fault of yours that you cannot come to our assistance—but I greatly fear that this means the end, for a long time at least, of our hopes of the *Clermont?*"

All this was as so much Greek to Pat. But the look in Larry's eyes was easy enough to read. Grief and humiliation both were in it.

"I am more sorry than I can say," he said. "It grieves me to the heart to be the cause of your embarrassment. I wish—"

He looked about him. And suddenly his eyes lighted up.

"Gentlemen!" he said. "I had promised you ten thousand dollars—to-day. I cannot keep that promise. But you may have the money within a month, if that will do!"

Fulton looked up, hope renewed in his face. Vanderbilt looked hard at Larry.

"A month?" he said. "You are sure? If we could count upon that absolutely we could go on. We could take certain risks —knowing the money was to be in hand—"

"I am as sure as I am that I see my house," said Larry. "If that will serve your turn—count upon it!"

"That will save us," said Vanderbilt. "One moment—we must consider ways and means. We have exhausted our credit with Mr. Schuyler's bank—but if you indorsed our note? It would mean agreeing to pay the money to him, instead of us, within the month. And we must have cash, at once."

"As you please," said Larry. "Yes—upon the security that I can offer I feel sure that Mr. Schuyler will let you draw the

money—even to-day. Meet me at the bank in an hour."

They shook hands with him upon that, and left him, well pleased. And Pat, more conscience-stricken than ever, wishing that she could help him, went to meet Larry as he came back into the house. He brushed by her without noticing her; went into the big room of the house, and to his desk. It was a disorderly affair; its confusion went straight to Pat's heart as she followed him, quiet as a mouse, and stood, looking over his shoulder as he sat down.

Larry himself looked a little appalled as he ran his hand through the waste of papers in the desk. Bills—bills—piled high. Of late, sure of his inheritance, he had let himself go; had used his credit without thought or concern. And now he had come to the end of his rope; they would all be down upon him, now that the news of Pat's coming was out, demanding their pounds of flesh.

He could pay, and he would—just as he

could and would make good his obligation to Fulton and Vanderbilt. But his eyes were dark as he reckoned the cost; it was a somber look he gave the stately room he sat in.

"Oh, can't I help?" asked Pat. "Cousin Larry—I wish you'd let me—"

"Help? You?" The irony of it roused Larry to bitter laughter. "No—get out and leave me alone! Can't you see I'm busy?"

## CHAPTER VI

SICK and sore at heart Patricia wandered out into the garden. This Larry she was seeing was utterly unlike the man her father had pictured. Delavan he might be—but selfish, heedless of others, he was not. She knew nothing, as yet, of what the conversation she had overheard might mean, but it was plain that Larry's chief concern over the loss of his inheritance arose just now from his inability to fulfill his agreement with the two men she had seen with him.

He was suffering; that much was plain. That would have touched her even had she had no part in bringing it about; even had she been the rightful heir to his estate she was only pretending to be. As it was—well, she was afraid to be seen. Afraid, certainly, to see her father. She dared not op-

pose him any more; in his condition it was doubly dangerous to do so. And he had never been a man to cross.

Off in one corner was Reilley, busy with some plants. Pat looked at him; considered joining him; decided against it, in the end. She wanted to be alone. The flowers were beautiful; roses, hollyhocks, larkspur in full bloom. She had never seen so lovely a garden; there had been neither time nor room for flowers at home, in a land where every bit of barren soil must help to feed the hungry, at any time within her memory.

Slowly, tentatively, at first, she began to pick the flowers as she wandered about; unconsciously, as she had done within, she shaped them into a wreath. Gradually she lost all sense of where she was and what she was supposed to be; went, almost gayly, about her task.

Outside a pair of urchins passed; stopped to look in. They saw Pat; staring, saw what she was doing. So did Reilley, and,

with a shake of his head, gave it up. But Pat, sublimely unconscious of them all, went on. She could think while she did this; think of some way to help Larry.

The first urchins spied friends now; beckoned to them; despite their reputation, attracted two more who came and joined them, hanging over the fence. More and more came; perched on the fence; began to talk to one another. Slowly the sense of their presence came to Pat, and she turned to look. At once they began to jeer.

"Look at the girl in boy's clothes!" cried one—an exquisite jest that won him peals of delighted laughter, the while it sent the blood to Pat's cheeks. Already! She was caught so soon!

"Yah! Sissy! Sissy!" cried another.

Some sixth sense told her then that they didn't know; that they were jeering at her as they would only at another boy. Her fear gave way to anger.

"Be off with ye!" she cried. "Have ye

no one to teach ye manners, here in America?"

"It's a mick—a sissy mick!" cried one. "There's something new for you!"

"Come out and make us go!" another cried. "I dare you—I double dare you!"

Desperately Pat looked about. But Reilley had gone into the house. She longed to follow him, and escape, so. But she dared not; she was more afraid to go than to stay. And then something struck her cheek and spattered; she put up her finger, and brought it away covered with mud.

In an instant her fears were forgotten; nothing remained but her Irish temper. Raging she flung down her flowers and started for the gate. And her tormentors, as eager to meet her as she now was to come, dropped from the fence and rushed to the gate to await her.

Alas! No chronicle of a miracle can this be! The odds were too great. Pat met the enemy—and was theirs! They pummeled

her; they rolled her in the dirt; they tore her clothes. She was crying as she fought —oh, she fought! But she was no match even for the smallest of her foes; these were city urchins, trained to rough and tumble fighting in the streets and about the wharves almost from the cradle.

Reilley and Larry Delavan heard the tumult at last; came rushing to the rescue. Before them the invaders scattered into laughing flight, and while Reilley chased them Larry helped Pat to her feet—a woe-begone spectacle indeed. Her nose was bleeding; her tears made two furrows down through the dirt and grime upon her cheeks; her collar was torn off; her clothes were in rags.

Larry took her by the arm and led her in. Reilley, facing her, shook his head.

"Sure," he said, "he's the most disappointin' Irish lad for his years and size ever I did see! What to do with him I don't know!"

"He's pretty hopeless," said Larry, freeing Pat's shoulder, and letting her sink down, sobbing and ashamed, on the bench. "Lord, boy, how did you amuse yourself in Ireland?"

Pat looked up, her lip trembling.

"I—I—used to play the harp—" she said.

"Worse and more of it!" cried Larry, and burst into helpless laughter. "Take him in and scrub him, Reilley—then we'll take him down to Mr. Astor's store and buy him some new clothes. He needs them now, sure enough!"

"I'll wash myself!" said Pat, with a show of spirit at last, and, eluding Reilley's grasp, she ran into the house.

It was something, later, to have Larry go with her to Mr. Astor's, though; to have him show some interest in what was to be bought for her. No one paid any attention to her preferences; it was a hard fate that put Patricia at the mercy of three men the very first time in all her life that she could, so

far as money went, have bought whatever pleased her!

But shopping was exciting, at any rate, and Mr. Astor's store was a wonderful place. She left Larry behind when she went; Reilley was to take her home, and they walked down Whitehall street. Their way took them past the stocks and the whipping post, and Pat stared, with eager curiosity, at a crowd that had gathered.

"What are they all there for?" she asked.

"Sure, it's devilin' some poor thief they are!" said Reilley. "Look—there's a shot went home!"

Some one had thrown a very ripe tomato at the poor victim of the law who occupied the stocks, and it was running down his cheeks. Pat looked away in horror.

"Reilley," she said, "if the thief was a girl, would they be after treatin' her the like of that?"

"Sure—only maybe more so!" said Reil-

ley, still laughing at the good marksmanship of the tomato thrower.

"Come, then—let's not be staying here," said Pat, tugging at Reilley's arm, her face white. She had never thought of such a punishment for her crime, should it be detected.

"Where did Mr. Delavan go?" she asked. She wanted to change the subject as quickly as might be.

"To the bank," said Reilley, frowning. He knew as much about Larry's affairs as did Larry himself; more, indeed, in all probability. And he realized how extremely grave Larry's situation was. "He —he had business to attend to there."

"Because of me?"

"You! Devil a bit of it! Think you he's nothing but you to concern himself with, poor lad?"

"No, no—but I mean—if I hadn't come he'd not have had to go?"

"No good thinking of that now," said

Reilley. "Right's right, and all he thought was to be his is rightfully yours, and that's the end of it. But it's cruel hard on him, for all that."

"I know it," said Pat, softly. "I—I'm sorry, too, Reilley. It's glad I'd be to share with him."

Reilley turned to stare down at her.

"Eh, and you may have the makings of a decent man in you, yet!" he said, surprised. "But he'd not be taking anything from you, even if he could—and you could not be giving it to him if you would. Not yet awhile."

"Can't I do as I please with my own money?"

"You cannot—and so you'll find the first time you go to old Astor for some of it to spend on foolishness. 'Tis he that's the executor and has the spendin' of your money until you come of age."

"Then if I want any money, I must go to him?"

"Aye, and with a good reason for wanting the same—else you'll not get it. He has the name of being a careful man with what's his—and of being just twice as careful still with all he holds in trust. Yet I'd like to have one dollar for every ten he's thrown away!"

"How's that, if he's so careful?"

"The man'll die land poor, if he's not heedful. Land, land—it's all he thinks of, from one day's end to the next. He'd buy all of Manhattan Island if he could! Why he talks of when the city will have grown until it stretches half the way to Harlem! Who ever heard the like?"

"And will he buy land for me, too?"

"If it pleases him, he will. He's a hard man to argue with."

Pat walked along in silence for a space.

"Reilley," she said, then, "why is Mr. Delavan so worried? Why does he want ten thousand dollars to give those gentlemen who came to see him this morning?"

"The saints preserve us! 'Tis for Mr. Fulton's steamboat—though what business it is of yours is past my knowing!"

Another space of silence. Then:

"Reilley—who is the pretty young lady who lives next door?"

Reilley roared.

"Bless us—there's the first natural thing you've said! That's Mr. Schuyler's daughter, Betty. You've an eye for the ladies, my boy. Mr. Larry'll be glad to know so much!"

"No—no—you mustn't tell him! Reilley—is—does—is Mr. Delavan fond of her?"

"Fond of her, is it? And why not—hasn't he known her all her life? But if it's does he court her you mean—no." And Reilley scowled. "Not while Mistress de Puyster's there with her black eyes to cast a spell upon him, like!"

"Mistress de Puyster?" Pat's eyes were drawn together in a frown. "Why, I'm

after knowin' her! She was on the ship with us!"

"Aye—and glad even of your company, so long as you wore trousers, I'll wager!" said Reilley.

"My company?" Pat laughed. "She was too good for the likes of my father and meself! She's the proud one, Reilley!"

"Aye—and why not? There's no better family here than hers, and hasn't she been in Europe this year past, hobnobbing with kings and dukes and princes and the like?"

"And he—Mr. Delavan—goes courtin' her, you say?"

"I said nothing of the sort—and you'll do well to keep a quiet tongue in your own head, boy. Mr. Larry's not one to like havin' any one talk over his affairs, I can be tellin' ye!"

But Pat had learned a good deal in that short walk. She was satisfied to be quiet for a space now.

## CHAPTER VII

In his garden Larry talked again with Fulton and with Vanderbilt. He was sober but quietly confident. Vanderbilt, however, was disturbed.

"I dislike to be pressing, Mr. Delavan," he said, "but I hope that you appreciate the seriousness of your undertaking. As matters stand Mr. Fulton and I are responsible, should you fail to meet the note you have given Mr. Schuyler—and we would lose the *Clermont* and all she represents."

"I know," said Larry, and nodded.

From the Schuyler garden next door the sound of voices came clearly. He could hear Betty's, light, melodious; Brevoort's, Irving's—and another. Ariana was back! The long time of waiting was over! What else could matter now?

*Cosmopolitan Photoplay.* *Little Old New York.*

PATRICIA AND HER FATHER ARRIVE FROM IRELAND.

(HARRISON FORD.) (MARION DAVIES.) (J. M. KERRIGAN.)

"Oh, come, Vanderbilt!" said Fulton. "You're a regular killjoy! They call me sober—but I'm a jester beside you! Haven't we bothered Delavan enough without your croaking now?"

"He knows me," said Larry, with a faint smile. "Knows what an irresponsible, aimless fellow I've always been! Don't worry, Vanderbilt. I've had some reason to change my tune. I shall meet that note."

"Of course you will," said Fulton. "Come, Cornelius."

"I have no doubt of Mr. Delavan's good will," said Vanderbilt. "But—I should be easier in my mind did I know precisely how he plans to do so."

"And I prefer not to tell you—now," said Larry, his good nature unaffected. "In case—in case something I am anticipating fails to materialize, I have another resource—which I do not care to turn to account until—and unless—I must. But I shall do so if there is no other way."

"That's perfectly satisfactory," said Fulton. "Come, man—it's growing late, and you know how much we have to do this afternoon!"

Vanderbilt had no choice, now, but to acquiesce in Fulton's treatment of the situation, and go. But he gave Delavan more than one backward look as he went; shook his head, too, gravely and pessimistically.

Larry, left behind, could hear, all the more plainly now, the talk in the next garden. He longed to cross over; the gate between the two houses was always left unlocked, for the friendship between Delavans and Schuylers was older than any of the living bearers of either name. But there was Ariana—and what right had he, disinherited, penniless, even to look at the heiress of the de Puyster wealth?

Some time—ah, yes! If he rehabilitated himself; if through his backing of Fulton, or by some other stroke of fortune, he made

up for what he had lost, things would be different. But as it was his pride forbade him to make advances that might, by some, be misconstrued.

He sat for a while on the garden bench, thinking, listening. Only the sound of their voices came to him; Ariana's high, changed, somehow, by her stay abroad; Betty's, melodious as ever; Irving's and Brevoort's providing an accompaniment. He could not hear their words. But presently the temptation to join them became so strong that he grew to fear his power to resist it, and rose, and walked slowly toward the house. Better go inside, out of harm's way!

But he was too late. For even as he rose he saw figures at the gate; the next moment the party from next door was in his garden, and his part was changed from that of envious onlooker to host.

"I made them come, Larry!" cried Betty, gayly.

Ariana was mincing a little as she walked.

Larry went to her eagerly, and she held out her hand. But as he was about to grasp it she lifted it, and, warned by something in Brevoort's look, he realized her intention, and, bending, a little stiffly, raised it to his lips, instead, and kissed it.

"Lud—how you've changed!" she said. "And how small and utterly provincial New York does seem after London, to be sure!"

"It must," said Larry. "You look well, Ariana."

"I vow I still feel the motion of that horrid ship," she said. "If ever I am fortunate enough to cross again I declare I shall end my days over there!"

"Oh, never say that!" begged Irving, smiling. "Surely you wouldn't leave us to perish in our outer darkness!"

"I have a duty here, I do presume," she said, taking him quite seriously, to his vast amusement. "My year in London has taught me how much we need refinement and

culture here in New York. How I yearn for the quiet refinement of an English drawing room!"

Larry, a little taken aback, flushed angrily as he saw Irving wink at Brevoort. He welcomed Pat's sudden appearance in the garden; never saw how much, in her quick anger at Ariana's airs, she was like a little bantam rooster.

"Ah," he said. "Here is my ward, Patrick O'Day. Mistress de Puyster—will you allow me to introduce Pat to you?"

"Lud—a boy!" exclaimed Ariana. "How-de-do, boy?" She held out her hand, a little shrinkingly. And Pat, instead of kissing it, as Larry had done, grasped it and gave it a vigorous shake. Ariana screamed and snatched her hand away.

"Lud—what an impossible little boy!" she exclaimed.

Pat's cheeks flamed.

"Sure!" she said, "and I'm not alone in my impossibility, then!"

"Be still, Pat!" said Larry, angrily. "Have you no manners at all?"

"He'll learn," said Ariana. And then, ignoring Pat, she turned to Brevoort. "But I was telling you," she said, "of what the Prince of Wales told me the first time I saw him. It was at—"

"Sure, and I know what he'd be after sayin'," exclaimed Pat. "It was 'Get out of my way!', wasn't it?"

Ariana stopped, aghast. Irving choked down a laugh. Larry, amazed, turned angrily on Pat.

"Go in the house!" he said. "I'll attend to you later."

Pat faced him defiantly. Larry said nothing more, but looked her straight in the eye. It was the first real clash of their wills, and at first Pat faced him bravely enough. But her eyes were the first to fall; in a few moments her lips began to tremble, and she turned, abruptly, in the end, and moved to go. But the moment she was freed

from Larry's stern gaze her courage returned. She hesitated a moment as she passed Ariana; then completed her progress, imitating Ariana's highly affected walk.

Brevoort and Irving had much to do to conceal their amusement; succeeded poorly in doing so, in fact, and so only furnished fresh fuel for the flame of Ariana's indignation.

"I—I'm ashamed of him!" said Larry. "I can't imagine what's come over him. I'll see that he's properly punished for this, I assure you!"

"A little savage—" began Ariana.

"You must make allowances for him, I beg," said Larry. "He has but just come here from Ireland—has had, I imagine, no mother—no home training of any sort—"

But Ariana was not to be mollified so easily. She could forgive almost anything more readily than being made to look ridiculous, and she felt that this impossible ward of Larry's had, somehow, managed to

do just that. She turned indignantly away from his excuses.

"Come, Betty," she said. "I must take refuge in your home."

"I beg of you!" said Larry. All his good resolutions were forgotten; the spell she had cast over him was as strong as it had been when, before her trip abroad, she had taken delight in playing with him. "Am I to be punished for a boy's rudeness? Won't you forgive me—let me see you again, at least, before you go back to Harlem?"

Ariana decided, it seemed, that it was time for her to temper justice with mercy.

"I could forgive you anything, almost, Larry dear, but as for that uncultured little brat—"

Larry frowned. It struck him, suddenly, that she was making too much of something that was, after all, not so great a matter. And—he felt a curious resentment, angry as he was with Pat, at hearing abuse heaped

upon the boy. After all—he had known no better.

"I can do no more than offer you apologies —in my name and in his," he said. "If you do not choose to accept them—"

"Come, come!" said Brevoort. "You can't ask more than that, Ariana! Poor Larry has the worst of it—he has to live with the boy, and play wet nurse to him!"

Irving had drawn a little apart. He was beginning to be bored. His sympathies, on the whole, were with Pat; he had little use for affectations like Ariana's at any time.

"Never mind, Larry," said Betty. "Even if Ariana has to go home now, after being away so long, you'll see her soon again. She is coming down for the trial trip of Mr. Fulton's new fangled steamboat if he ever finishes it, and she'll be at the party I'm giving at my house that night."

"I shall live for that day!" said Larry, gallantly. He bowed before Ariana. But

she, angered by the resentment she had seen for a moment in his eyes, turned away without a word.

"I'm sorry, Larry," said Betty, as she turned to follow.

"I think we will make our excuses now," said Irving. "I told you we had an engagement with Larry, Betty."

"I know," she said, concerned. "You—oh, don't let him stay up so late, night after night! I hear you, often, in the night—"

"We must make an end of that, certainly," said Brevoort. "Too many would hold us to account if anything we did robbed Mistress Betty Schuyler of her beauty sleep and dimmed the roses in her cheeks!"

"You need make none of your pretty speeches to me, Henry Brevoort!" said Betty. "Save them for Ariana—I believe she has grown used to them!"

"Not from me," said Brevoort, beneath his breath.

"Nor from me!" Irving echoed. "Come, Henry."

They followed Larry, who had already gone into the house—to be met by a penitent Pat.

"I hope you'll be forgiving me," she said. "I'd no call to be rude—but, I declare, that mincing miss would try the patience of a saint!"

"I've no time to talk to you now," said Larry, gruffly. "Be off with you—and try to learn to keep a civil tongue in your head when you meet ladies, or I'll be trying whether a switch will teach you manners!"

## CHAPTER VIII

Irving and Brevoort, as Reilley, taking their coming as a sign, set out glasses and decanters on the great table, looked at one another. Brevoort shrugged his shoulders.

"I feel as you do, Wash," he said, "but what is one to do? A man in love is blind!"

"Deaf, too—and if nature were wise, he'd be dumb as well!" said Irving, with a show of irritation. "Hang it, Henry—the boy's instinct is sound! He sees she's nothing but a bunch of affectations, without a brain in her head—or a heart in her body!"

"Granted—but Larry doesn't feel so," said Brevoort. "And I suppose it's his affair."

"We can't make it ours—that much is sure," said Irving. "Ah—well—there's

this much comfort—it's a long way to Harlem, and Larry has no coach to order out these days when he's of a mind to make that journey—no horse to mount, either. Poverty may be a blessing in disguise to him yet."

"In my experience," said Brevoort, "fate can't be thwarted in such matters. Look at the good men we know who've gone wrong at the altar, Wash! Yet they mock us for remaining single!"

"It's a hard life we lead, we bachelors," said Irving, with a prodigious sigh. "Isn't it, Larry?" For Delavan came in just then. "For example—there's a main of good birds in Hoboken to-night, where the officers mind their own affair. And here we are, Henry and I, possessed and bound to go—and never a wife between us to bid us stay at home! Ah, me!"

"A main to-night?" said Larry, brightening at the news. "I had not heard of that!"

"We heard but an hour ago," said Bre-

voort. "It gave us time to plead our excuses at a rout. We count upon you, then, Larry?"

"Would I be likely to miss good sport?" asked Larry. "Good fellowship, as well—and the good liquor that will flow? What else is there these days to make life worth the living!"

"Little enough," said Irving.

"I've another reason for going across the river to-night," said Brevoort. "The Hoboken Terror is to spar a round or two and show his points. From all I hear the man's a great fighter."

"I've seen him," said Larry, carelessly. "Good enough—but more formidable in looks than in the ring."

"I think you're wrong, Larry. I hear there's no man on this side of the water fit to stand up to him."

"It's you are wrong!" said Larry, laughing. "Why, right here we've his match—Bully Boy Brewster, at the fire house! I

was to be Brewster's backer in a fight against him. It's one of my sore troubles that I've had to tell him I can't do it."

"It needn't be," said Brevoort, dryly. "Losing your money saved you some there, Larry. Brewster's but a big bag of wind. If he had his sister's courage, now—"

"Rachel?" Irving's laughter rang out. "There's a Tartar if you please!"

"Is she not?" said Larry, echoing his laugh. "If you could have seen her stand up to me when I broke the news to them! He took it as mildly as you please, but you'd have thought that I was cheating them, to hear her take on!"

"She's his trainer, I hear," said Irving.

"That is so," said Brevoort. "She trains him—and spars with him, too—and gives a shrewd blow. Takes one, too—she's like a vixen if he remembers her sex and deals softly with her."

"No matter about that," said Larry. "Brewster knows more of boxing than the

Terror. He's not so strong, perhaps—less of a brute. But he has science and skill, and knows how to make them count. The Terror's a wild fighter—he goes in swinging his arms like flails. He can hurt a man when he drives home a blow—but Brewster's faster on his feet, shiftier, cleverer in every way. He can keep out of harm's way and wear the other down."

"So others have thought, that fought the Terror and never knew what struck them!" said Brevoort. "It would not be a good fight, even, Larry. You're well out of any part in it—especially if your money were up on Brewster."

Larry lifted his glass.

"Here's a toast!" he said. "To our three selves—I know none better!"

They drank it heartily—and voted the toast so good a one that each, in turn, must propose one like it. Reilley, filling the glasses, smiled. Some might say that these young men drank too much. But Reilley

knew their lives were clean; knew how they drank, and that they were not of the sort upon whom habit takes a damning hold. Let them have their fling! The time would come for them to settle down, and they would know it. And meanwhile they were storing up a treasure of rich memories for the years to come; memories of gayety and lively youth.

Their talk went on. It touched upon all the simple phases of the young city's life. This one remembered some gay adventure of the past; another capped his story. Brevoort, with a subtle design, perhaps, remembered tales of London; curious, how different his stories were from Ariana's! And both Irving and Larry knew that their friend spoke by the book; that he had diced at Almack's and at Brooks'; that the Prince Regent had paid him special honor; that Bath and Tunbridge Wells alike had hailed him, even in the great day of the all powerful beaux.

Light talk it was; innocent enough, for all the strong spice there was in it. But to Pat's ears it came as the revelation of a debauchery, a profligacy, unsuspected hitherto. They knew, vaguely, that the boy was about—that he might be hearing what they said. But why should they think of that? A boy must grow to be a man; must learn, some time, how men live and how they talk among themselves.

What to a boy, however, would have mattered little was to Pat serious, almost tragic. Brevoort and Irving she had been disposed to like. But now she looked upon them with new eyes. Of course she made, for Larry, all manner of excuses! He was not, of himself, like this; he was being led astray by bad companions! Willingly? Perhaps! But that was her fault. He was seeking to forget the troubles she had brought upon him.

Open protest she dared not make. She had been rebuffed too often already to risk

another rebuke for interference. Yet she was desperately minded to do something; to seek, by any means at her command, to prevent Larry from keeping this engagement, that would mean just another night away from home, and drinking, and—who knew what else beside?

Brevoort and Irving, laughing, went off; they promised, as they went, to be back within the hour to fetch Larry, and he, in his turn, vowed that he'd be ready for them and for whatever sport the night might have in store.

Pat sat still, wringing her hands in her helplessness. Then a thought came to her, and she stole silently upstairs, to return, presently, bearing her beloved harp. Larry still sat at the table, his head bowed. Reilley went up to him and spoke, and Pat heard his answer:

"No—no—I couldn't eat! Bring more wine and a fresh glass!"

Reilley obeyed. And Pat, sitting in the

shadows, touched her harp. Both men turned, in surprise; Larry scowled. But Pat, for once, was bold. Her voice, low and sweet, filled the old room as she sang to the harp's accompaniment:

"Do ye hear me callin'
When the dews are fallin'?
I am lonesome waitin', 'neath the weepin' willow tree,
Oh, my heart is weary,
Waitin' for my dearie,
Oh, can't you hear me callin' you to come to me?"

Her voice broke a little on the last phrase, and she sat still, looking eagerly and steadfastly at Larry. For a moment he sat still; then he beckoned to her, and, shyly, she went toward him.

"That's a pretty song, boy," he said. "Where did you learn it?"

"Sure, I've heard my mother sing it, many's the time, when she'd be putting me and my br—my sister, to sleep."

"Your sister?" In his preoccupation

with his own affairs Larry never heeded her slip of the tongue.

Pat's eyes filled with tears.

"I had a—sister," she said. "She—died on the ship, comin' over."

"I didn't know that, Pat," said Larry, moved. "I—I think perhaps I've been none too kind to you. You've had a hard time, haven't you?"

"No worse than I deserved, most like," said Pat.

Poor Pat! She was learning, indeed, how hard is the way of the transgressor! If it was hard to bear when Larry was brusque and rough in his dealings with her, it was a thousand times worse when he was gentle and kind, like this! But she shook her head, doggedly. Her father lay upstairs; she had seen him, but just now, when she went for her harp, with his fading eyes fixed grimly upon some vision of revenge. Her feet must follow the road upon which they had been set, no matter how rough it proved

to be, how paved with flints and stones.

"You're too young to feel so, Pat," said Larry. He sighed. "The world's before you. It's a good world, Pat, for those who face it as you do. And you've come to a new land and a rich land. You've an inheritance of more than money to make you happy."

"Money!" cried Pat, passionately. "Sure and I hate the name of the dirty stuff! I'm thinkin' it makes more misery and unhappiness than it can ever cure!"

Larry laughed.

"You'll grow used to it, Pat," he said. "It's like vice—what is it Mr. Pope wrote of vice? 'Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace!'"

"I'll have none of it!" cried Pat.

"Mr. Astor will have something to say to that," said Larry, with a laugh. "Take your harp again, Pat—I like to hear you sing."

Delighted, Pat obeyed. But as she looked at Larry she saw the worried look in his eyes again. She hesitated. Then:

"Sure, if it's the money for Mr. Fulton you're worryin' for, sir," she said, "couldn't I be lettin' you have some of my inheritance to use?"

Larry stared at her. Just for a moment he played with the idea; then he shook his head, and gave a short, curt laugh.

"No, no," he said. "There's nothing you could do to help me, boy. Sing again—it's all I ask of you."

Pat shrank back, hurt. But her fingers stole again over the harp's strings. It was dark; only the flickering light of the candles Reilley had come in, some time before, to light, set the shadows to dancing on the walls. And then, just as her voice took up the air from the harp, the door was flung open, and the room was flooded with light. Brevoort stood in the doorway, cloaked and ready; behind him were Irving and Halleck.

"Ho, Larry—here we are!" he cried. "Time to be off, man!"

Larry sprang up. It took him a full minute to shake off the mood the darkness and the soft music of harp and voice had aroused in him.

"A minute to be ready and I'm with you!" he called. "Ho, Reilley—fresh glasses—more wine for these gentlemen, while they wait for me!"

"A moment only," said Brevoort, impatiently. "I've entered my best bird at the last minute, and I'm betting three to one!"

"Three to one?" Larry exclaimed. "Eh—I must have some of your money at those odds, Henry! Let me see—"

He took his wallet from his pocket. It held money; money he had scraped together for the payment of pressing bills. But here was a chance to treble it! He knew Brevoort's bird; it lacked heart; for all the beauty that it had, and all its strutting, some

ragamuffin of the pit would strike it with its spur.

"Is it betting again you'd be!" cried Pat, angrily. "Sir—" She turned on Brevoort. "Have you no heart, that you'd be takin' away the little he has left?"

Brevoort laughed; only Irving looked serious. All the softness that had, a moment before, ruled Larry's mood was gone. He turned sternly upon Pat.

"Mind your own business, boy!" he said gruffly. "I'm the judge of my own conduct —and of yours, remember! Go to your father—he has need of you."

Pat shrank away. But her spirit asserted itself for a moment.

"Sure," she said, "he'd be dead now if he depended on your attention or your kindness!"

Larry ignored that, save for a wave of his hand. And Pat, beaten, disconsolate, full of anger against Brevoort and the others, was obliged to turn away and mount the stairs.

## CHAPTER IX

TRUE enough it was, as Larry had said, that John O'Day was in need. But he needed more than Pat, with all her love, all her memory of the sad years behind them, could give him.

She went slowly up the stairs; turned, once, a solitary, pathetic little figure, to look at Larry. But he had no eyes for her; no ears for the faint voice with which she called to him. But Irving heard, and gave her a kind look, and a friendly wave of the hand, that she was long to remember.

Upstairs, in his room, John O'Day lay still upon his bed. His eyes were closed; his breath came fast. There had been a change since Pat had seen him last; even in an hour something terrible and mysterious had happened.

John O'Day was in need indeed; in the last extremity of need. But Pat, flinging herself down upon the floor beside his bed, for all her wealth in what he needed, had no power to help him. He needed youth, and health, and hope; he was bankrupt at last in those things, that are the true and very staff of life.

"Father!" she cried. "Oh, Father—can you not speak to me?"

Slowly he opened his eyes.

"Pat?" he said, weakly. "Is it yourself, Pat? I had a dream. I dreamed I heard your mother play the harp—I heard her singing, in my dream. I'm thinking it'll not be long before I'm with her once again—if the dear saints are kind to me and let me win to her. Me death is near upon me, Pat."

She started to her feet. Young as she was, she had seen death hovering above a bed before, and knew he spoke the truth. She ran to the door, and called.

"Reilley!" she cried. "Reilley!"

He came up the stairs, muttering a little; he was tired. Pat clung to him, weeping a little, now.

"Oh, Reilley!" she said. "Sure, and you're the only friend we have in all America! Here's my father lyin' with his death upon him! Can you no be fetchin' a doctor for to see him?"

"A doctor, is it? Sure, and I'm something of that meself—did I not serve as surgeon under General Washington? I'll be havin' a look at him meself, boy."

He went into the room, and stood, looking gravely down at the old man. Pat's eyes clung to him. Slowly he shook his head. And Pat understood—and, understanding, knew only what she had been sure of from the first. The end had come. O'Day lay still; for a moment Pat, catching her breath, thought that he had gone. But he opened his eyes again; raised his hand, feebly. He looked straight at Reilley.

"Is it dyin' I am? Tell me the truth, as you would be judged!"

Reilley bowed his head.

"It is so," he said. "Your time is come upon you here and now."

O'Day lay still; he seemed to be gathering the little strength that was left to him for some great and final effort.

"Go, then, you," he whispered. "I would be alone with him a moment before I die."

Pat cried out at that, and Reilley hesitated, his instinct bidding him to remain. But the dying man was insistent; his anger was a terrible thing to see.

" 'Tis well—there's nothing I can do, in any case," he said to Pat. "There is no harm in granting what he wills—it will be the last time."

And slowly with a pitying look for Pat, he went out.

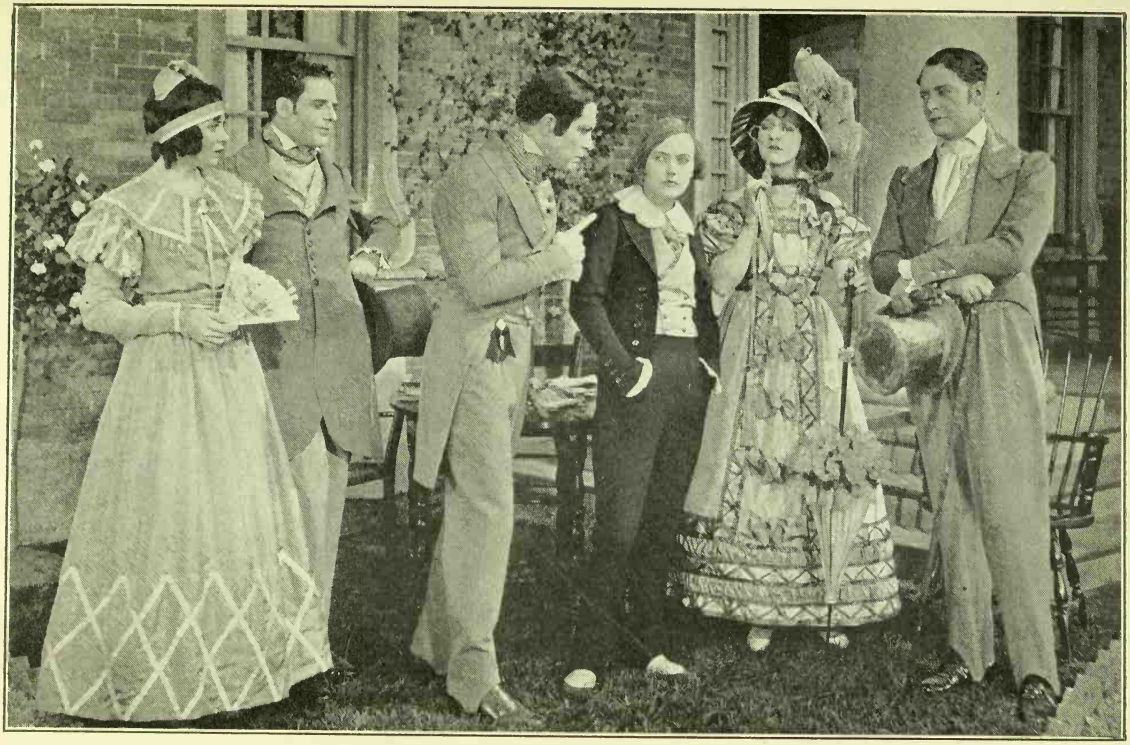
"Come close!" said O'Day to Pat. As she obeyed he lifted himself; with a last putting out of his great strength he seized her

in all the land. I'll come to you as soon as may be."

Sorrowfully, he stood and watched her, as reeling a little, she went to the stairs. She hesitated at the door of her own room; then, with a shudder, passed on, and went down. He sighed as he turned back to the death chamber and went in, closing the door behind him.

Outside it was still dark. Pat went down the stairs; sank down, at their foot, in a little, crumpled, sobbing heap. There she sat, through what remained of the night. She heard the watchman outside; the crowing of a cock, while it was still dark. She saw the long shadows begin to lighten; the coming of the dawn. Outside the sleeping city stirred; began to waken.

Reilley came to her; tried to rouse her, to induce her to go to her own room and gain a little sleep. She only shook her head and wept the harder. And, with the understanding of his years, he made no great effort to



*Cosmopolitan Photoplay.* *Little Old New York.*

PATRICIA "ACTS UP" AND IS REPRIMANDED BY LARRY.

Mary Kennedy. George Berraud, Harrison Ford. Marion Davies, Gypsy O'Brien. Mahlon Hamilton,

persuade her; he knew that she must deal with her grief alone; knew that the human spirit, in the times of great crisis and of great grief that come to it, is a lonely thing, that must find and work out its own salvation.

So she sat on the stairs. The growing light of the dawn stole in upon her there. None of the waking sounds without penetrated the silent chamber of her grief. She dwelt in a place of memories.

Far and far away, across three thousand miles of water, her spirit was wandering. She was with all those whom she had loved and lost. Her mother's voice, crooning a lullaby, was in her ears. She saw her brother, creeping in his baby days. She felt her father's strong arms, lifting her high upon his shoulder. She heard the sound of friendly voices, raised in song and jest, about the family board, in the good days before the money went.

Other memories came to her. Ireland—

ah, Ireland! Memories of grief and trouble —but how they were touched now by the contrast of this deeper woe! How gladly, now, she would have been again in the barren house, the day the lawyer came with what had seemed such dazzling news of wealth and fortune! How empty was all the promise he had held out! How bitter had the fulfillment of that promise proved to be!

And what still lay before her? Her spirit quailed at the anticipation of the dark days to come! She must go on; she was doubly, trebly, bound by that solemn and terrible oath that she had sworn. At the cost of her own peace, her own chance of happiness, she had made it possible for her father's spirit to pass on in peace and comfort. There could be no release now for her. She must go on; drink to its dregs the bitter cup her father, in his love, had raised to her lips.

Larry . . . Ah, but she could not bear to think of him! So kind, so generous, in one

mood; so harsh and cruel in another! And yet—what claim had she upon his kindness, his forbearance? She was his ruin; it was to her he owed all that was destroying the fine spirit of his youth.

The sound of voices, raised in riotous, ribald song stole through her memories, her forebodings. They brought her back to the moment in which she must live and move and have her being. She raised her head to listen. One voice rang out in that wild chorus that set her heart to a mad beating in her breast. Her hand went to her heart as she listened. It was an old, familiar song that came to her:

"Were to fade from my vision,
And melt from my arms,
Li-ike fairy gifts, fading away—
Thou would'st still, be beloved,
As this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will!"

An uproar of voices broke in upon the song.

"You'll have the watch upon us, Larry—have done—have done! Here you are home, man!"

"That's old Schuyler's window—you'll have him calling our loans!"

"Good night—good night! I promised to see you home—who—hic—who'll do as much for me?"

"And that bird of Henry's could fight after all! I vow the other bird was a coward!"

"Who cares? The sport's the thing—and may the best man—I mean the best bird!—win!"

"Good night—good night! Take care, Halleck—don't let old Astor see you staggering like that later in the day!"

"You—Wash—you drink all night—and then you see everything still, with those fish eyes of yours!"

"Good night, Larry—hey, there—knock upon his door, one of you—he's not able! Louder—louder—Reilley sleeps fast—!"

Pat heard Reilley, moving above her, grumbling as he came down the stairs. And Larry's voice, outside:

"I'll keep the rascal no longer—sleeping while I cool my heels outside! Good night, Henry—good night! Come in the morning for my I. O. U.!"

Reilley had the door open at last. And Pat, her tragic eyes wide and staring, saw Larry stagger in and fall into a chair.

"Wine, Reilley!" he called. "More wine —'tis the only cure!"

He saw Pat. He pointed a shaking finger.

"Go to bed, boy!" he called. "Go to bed before I have you whipped!"

Reilley bent low and whispered in his ear. Slowly the meaning of his words seemed to sink into Larry's benumbed brain. He got up, unsteadily; lurched a little as he took a faltering step. He stared at the silent little figure on the stairs. He pulled himself together as he walked on; slowly the fumes of wine in his head gave way.

By the time he reached her and stood over her his mind was clear. It was with sober, pitiful eyes that he looked down at her.

"Pat—" he said. "Boy—"

But he had no words to use to comfort her. Instinctively he put his hand upon her shoulder; felt the sigh that shook her at his touch. She opened her eyes at last, and looked up at him, and he bent again, and raised her, slowly; stood, then, his arm about her shoulders.

"I'm—I'm sorry, Pat," he said. "There—there's nothing I can say. He was an old man. He has found peace. And you—you aren't left quite alone, you know. I'm afraid I'm a poor sort of one to do it—but I must try to take your father's place."

Sobs shook her again. But as he looked at her she made an effort; a wistful little smile curved her lips for a moment.

"Let's shake hands on it, Pat," said Larry.

## CHAPTER X

LIFE, always, and never death, rules youth. Pat had loved her father dearly; she mourned him deeply. But the youth in her turned to the life about her; to all the future held of promise. It was a new sort of life, different from any she had ever known, happier, fuller, that she was living now. Larry's sharp intolerance had not shown itself again since her father's death; he took an increasing interest in her. He was resolved that Pat should learn all that it became a boy of his station and his prospects to know; he took his duties as a guardian so seriously that Brevoort took to rallying him.

There were fewer trips to Hoboken nowadays—nowanights, rather! Larry had given up drinking, to a great extent. But

Pat, with the shrewdness he was far from suspecting her to possess, knew that his reform had by no means been complete.

Even in her grief, on the night of her father's death, she had remembered his wager with Brevoort, against which she had cried out—and she had heard, too, even as she sat on the stairs, the talk that had told her he had lost. Another I. O. U.! And the unpaid bills! And every day brought nearer that upon which the note for ten thousand dollars must be met at Mr. Schuyler's bank.

She had guessed his plan; she had been certain, from the first, that Larry meant, if necessity drove him so far, to give up his home; all that was left of what had once been the great Delavan fortune, to meet that note and clear himself of debt. But, for all her youth, Pat was a shrewder dealer with affairs than Larry seemed likely ever to become.

She could get whatever she wanted out of

Reilley, and from him she had gained a very fair idea of the extent of Larry's indebtedness. The figures were staggering—and she knew, only too well, that every day, or, rather, again, every night, saw them mounting higher and higher. And she had made it her business to cultivate Halleck, the good natured and easy going, who, for all his lightness of spirit, was, perforce, learning something from his association with Astor.

From Halleck, thanks to judicious questions, asked with a diligent care to conceal the information she really sought, she had gained a knowledge of property values in New York that would have astonished Astor himself—and gratified him highly, too! She was very far from sharing the general view that Astor, with his fad for buying land, was crazy; he was rather, she thought, laying the foundation of a great fortune, that would endure long after the enterprises of some of those who ridiculed him were forgotten.

It was a simple matter for Pat to put two and two together. And it was plain to her that Larry was letting his hopes run away with his judgment. He was sinking deeper and deeper into the morass of debt, and the means of escape he trusted were sure to disappoint him; of so much she was certain. The old Delavan house meant much to him; its value to him, indeed, was greater than to any one else—so much greater that there was, even now, no chance that, should he be forced to sell it, he could realize enough to pay his debts.

And the whole town was buzzing, now, with the talk of Mr. Fulton, and the trial trip his steamboat, the *Clermont,* was presently to undertake upon the Hudson. She had heard Fulton talking; he was supremely confident of success; Vanderbilt, too, in his talk with Larry, had said there was no longer any doubt. But Vanderbilt had been pressing about the urgency of meeting the note.

"It won't be renewed, Mr. Delavan," he said. "I know old Schuyler too well to have any hopes of that. It must be met when it falls due—or he will take the *Clermont.*"

"I know—I know," Larry had said, impatiently. "Don't harp forever on that string, Vanderbilt! I've given you my word—let that be enough to satisfy you, as it is enough to satisfy Mr. Fulton. He, after all, has more at stake than any of us."

"And cares less for the outcome!" muttered Vanderbilt. "So long as his steamboat runs money matters not at all to him! I am not like that."

"I understand his feeling, too," said Larry. "Gad—to have a brain like his! To dream of something—and make that dream come true! To fight and conquer nature—the winds—the tides—to free man from more of his ancient bondages! There's something worth the doing, Vanderbilt!"

"Why, it's as I feel myself," Vanderbilt said, dryly. "And it's well to remember

that dreamers have ever needed practical men to smooth the way for making those dreams of theirs come true."

"Well, I shall do my part—have no fear for that!" said Larry.

But he could not. Pat knew, only too well, that when the crisis came, other claims could be, and would be, preferred before that which dealt with the money that would free the *Clermont;* that the bank's claim, secured as it was, and amply, by all that Fulton had to show for his long labors, would have to yield the preference, so far as Larry's too scanty assets went, to creditors without other security.

Larry was, she knew, to blame; he had been criminally careless. Yet he had meant well! He had gambled, to be sure, in this last month—but with how high a purpose? She had heard him tell Reilley, once, that so bad a run of luck as his must turn.

"And then—how quickly I'll get back my own!" he cried. "A single lucky night—

some stroke of fortune—and the laugh will be to me again!"

So his forbears had thought—and the way the Delavan fortune had melted to nothing in three generations was proof of their lack of wisdom. But for Larry the past, as yet, held no lessons; his eyes were for the future only.

So it was that, on the day before the wealth and fashion of New York had been bidden to assist at the *Clermont's* trial trip, Pat made her way, secretly and alone, to call upon the executor of her uncle's will.

She knew where to find him—in the shop that, for sign, bore his name, and the legend of the wares in which he dealt—pianos, musical instruments, furs. Fortune was with her at the outset, for Halleck spied her, from the office behind the counter, and came out to greet her.

"What brings you here, Pat?" he asked. "I think your credit's good—I'll find some one to wait upon you."

"No, no—it's not that," said Pat. "Mr. Halleck—could I be seein' Mr. Astor privately—and will ye promise never to tell Larry that I've been here?"

"What mischief are you in?" said Halleck. But then he laughed. "Of course I'll not tell him, Pat. Why shouldn't you see Mr. Astor if you've a mind to do so? Come with me."

He led Pat back into the counting room. Astor was busy at his desk. Great real estate maps of the city were spread before him; he was adding figures. He smiled as he saw Pat.

"How are you, boy?" he said. "Sit down beside me here. Halleck—will you put on your hat, and go and tell Delmonico that I am ready now to talk to him about the lease he wants in Beaver street?"

"Yes, sir," said Halleck. He stood in much awe of Astor.

"Now, what can I do for you, my boy?" said Astor.

"Please—you can give me ten thousand dollars of my money," said Pat.

"Ten—thousand—dollars!" said Astor. He leaned back in his chair, staring at Pat in his surprise. "My boy—that is a great sum of money. Men have worked all their lives long and never known what it was to earn so much! And you come in and ask for it as it might be for a shilling!"

"But—the money's mine!" said Pat—who stood in awe neither of Astor nor any other man.

"So—so—but with conditions, yet awhile," said Astor. "Your uncle knew that you were young, my boy, and he have named me to see to it that your money is wisely spent, in ways that will bring you profit and good use, until you are old enough to have learned some wisdom for yourself."

"But—I shall never want it so badly again!" said Pat, pleadingly.

"And you must remember this," Astor went on, as if Pat had not spoken at all.

"This money is not mine—it is yours. When you are twenty-one it will be my duty to give it all to you. And first, I must go before the judge, and tell him how I have cared for what was yours. I must account for every penny I have spent. What should I tell him of this ten thousand dollars if I gave it to you when you ask?"

"Sure and that I asked for me own!" said Pat.

"Ja—and what would he do then, think you?" said Astor. "He would say: 'That is all very fine, Mr. Astor. But here is ten thousand dollars gone from this estate. You say this boy spent it. But you were responsible. So—you will give back that money—or I will send you to jail.' That is the way it would be."

Pat stared.

"Sure, and it's a queer country where your own is not your own at all!" she said.

"You will tell me for what you want this money—no? Perhaps you are right. Per-

haps I should give it to you. Who knows? But you must tell me first."

"Sure, and that was just what I was after wantin' not to do!" said Pat. "Still, and all—if I must, I must. But will you promise not to tell Larry Delavan what I shall tell you?"

Now, no man in New York liked less than Astor to commit himself without full knowledge of the facts. But Pat's earnestness made him laugh, and he nodded.

"It is to help him that I want it," she said. And she explained, with a grasp of detail that amazed the old merchant, the situation in which Larry stood. "So, you see—he must have ten thousand dollars, or they will lose all."

Astor shook his head.

"I could not do it—and I would not," he said. "You have seen where this Larry has come by gambling—and you would gamble ten thousand dollars on this tin kettle of Mr. Fulton's! My boy—no. I would like

to make a business man of you, not a gambler like Larry Delavan."

"But—Mr. Fulton will succeed!" said Pat.

Astor shook his head, doggedly.

"Steamboats will never amount to anything," he said. "Landach, the land you buy is always there! See!"

He pointed to a spot on one of the maps.

"There is Gramercy Pond. I have just received ten thousand dollars of your money from a mortgage that was paid, and I meant to use it to buy this land. A few years from now it will be worth more than all the inventions Mr. Fulton will ever make!"

"But—but—that won't help Larry Delavan!" said Pat. "Please, Mr. Astor—"

"No," he said. "It is useless to argue. I have made up my mind."

For a moment Pat was close to giving vent to her feelings. But she dared not. After all—who was she to become imperious—to assert her rights?

"Ah, Mr. Astor, it's not arguin' I'd be," she said, with a swift transition. "Sure, and you'll know better than a lad like me what's wise. How will you be buyin' this land for me? Will you count out the dollars, one by one?"

Astor laughed.

"We don't waste time that way in business, Pat," he said. "No—and this is a good chance for you to begin to learn some of the things you'll have need to know later, when you have the control of your property in your own hands.

"See—here is a check for the money that was paid to me for you. That means that the bank will pay me so much. But instead of taking out the money in cash, I will make out a draft on the bank, for ten thousand dollars. I will give that to the owner of the property, and he will give me a deed."

Pat had no need to affect interest in this explanation. She was absorbed—for in her busy mind there was taking form, slowly, a

plan by which she might be able to circumvent Astor and bring Larry the help he needed. The time was growing desperately short. This was the day of the great ball the Schuylers were giving in honor of Mr. Fulton—beginning, at last, to be a prophet not without honor, even in his own city. And to-morrow the *Clermont,* with the fashion and the beauty of the town aboard, was to make her trial trip.

## CHAPTER XI

At Larry Delavan's, that night, Irving, Brevoort and Halleck, his customary companions, appeared early. They were all going to the Schuyler ball, of course; it was convenient to meet at Larry's and so go together. Moreover, Reilley brewed stronger punch, and better, than Schuyler was wont to serve. Again, here was a chance to sit at ease and watch the arrival of the guests, and of that they took a full advantage.

Bowling Green was transformed that night. Lanterns were strung in Schuyler's garden, making the scene gay; links boys carried their flaring torches. And coaches and carriages rolled up in a steady stream. Some of the guests had come far; there were house parties everywhere, for the accommodation of those, like Ariana de Puyster,

who had journeyed even from distant Harlem.

Much was to be made, at last, of Mr. Robert Fulton. New York had awakened, a little late, but still in time, to the realization that it harbored a great man, one who bade fair to become a celebrity. It had ignored him, mocked him, laughed behind his back at him—and he had given no sign of knowing or of caring. And it was the man's own attitude, his calm indifference to what others said and thought, really, that had won him this recognition; it was a tribute to him, personally, rather than to his work—since that, after all, was, as yet untried. How many of those who flocked to the Schuyler house that night to do him honor had any real belief in Fulton? Few indeed, if the truth were known!

Pat was one of them. Of steamboats she knew nothing; of men, more than most of those who knew her suspected. She liked Mr. Fulton; she felt that he was one of the

men who made no promises he could not keep. She trusted Vanderbilt, too; his judgment and his knowledge of men. And Larry—Larry believed in Fulton, and she thought, with rather a wry smile, of the difference between his quiet confidence in the *Clermont* and the nervous and excited way in which he backed a horse or a gamecock or his luck at card or with the dice.

Two natures, she well knew, were struggling within Larry; on the issue of that struggle his whole future depended. She had heard old Astor lecturing him; trying to persuade him to take a position and become a business man, solid, conservative and —dull. And she knew, as Astor did not, it seemed, that Larry would never, could never, take that path. He must find adventure, something stirring, appealing to his love of excitement and romance, in any enterprise in which he might hope for real success.

There the born gambler in him spoke and had his way. But young as she was, Pat

had seen the ruin of more homes than one in Ireland because of that inborn love of gambling. And she knew that what Larry needed was some occupation, some interest, that would appease the restlessness that drove him to gaming, while it demanded, at the same time, hard work and application. Risks he must take—but, she was sure, they should be the risks of the pioneer, the adventurer along new ways, untrodden yet by any man, and not the hazards of pure chance.

Participation in the enterprise of the *Clermont* might well make all the difference between success and failure for Larry. And Pat was torn. More than once, that day, since she had seen Astor, she had been on the point of confessing everything to Larry and throwing herself upon his mercy. Only the memory of that terrible oath, sworn to her dying father, restrained her; it seemed to her that every time, when her mind was almost made up, his stricken face had appeared before her eyes, and his voice, forbid-

ding her, had sounded like an echo in her ears.

Gradually, though, the bustle of the arriving guests next door distracted her. This was the first ball to which she had ever been bidden; hard that she must go in this disguise, and be robbed of the thrill that comes to a girl only once in her life! Yet she did what she could for her looks; took greater pains than she had ever done to make herself look well, in the fine clothes Larry had bought for her.

She heard the hum of voices downstairs; if Brevoort and the others had come, it must be time for her to go down. And down she went, to stop, her face suddenly crimson, on the stairs, as she heard Brevoort, his voice lowered, but still distinct, telling a story the meaning of which, just at first, eluded her completely. The others laughed, and, reluctantly, she went on. Was it so men talked among themselves—even Larry? She was not surprised to know that Bre-

voort indulged himself so, but Larry—she had thought that he was different.

Irving was the first to see her, and hailed her cheerfully.

"The boy does you credit, Larry," said Brevoort. "We must look to ourselves—he'll be cutting us all out before we know it."

"Pat's no hand with the ladies yet," said Larry, laughing. "Time enough for that, isn't there, Pat? You and I'll keep Bachelors' Hall here a while longer."

"As long as you please!" said Pat, with a fervor that made them all laugh.

Reilley was busy at the punch bowl, and now, as he put down the decanter of spirits, Irving seized it and emptied it into the bowl.

"Oh, come, Reilley!" he said. "Let's have it strong! We shall be most damnably bored at the Schuylers' unless we are well fortified!"

"Then why do you go, if you expect to be bored?" asked Pat.

"Touched!" said Brevoort, and roared. "Well—why do we, Wash?"

"The boy's an anarchist!" said Irving, laughing in his turn. "Pat—if you apply common sense to society and its ways you'll make an end of them! We go because—because—because—because we must—eh, Henry? Because every one does—because of what would be said if we didn't!"

"No matter," said Brevoort. "I'll wager we won't stay long. Larry insists upon a night with the cards. He wants to get some of his money back from me."

Pat's anger, that always sprang to life when some such remark as this stimulated Larry's eagerness to play, colored her cheeks.

"Sure, Mr. Brevoort," she said, "if it wasn't for the likes of you Mr. Delavan wouldn't always be losing all his money."

Brevoort and Halleck laughed, but Larry, rather sharply, bade Pat be still.

"Oh, come, Larry, the boy means well!"

said Brevoort. "Here, Pat—have a glass of punch—"

"No," said Larry. "Time enough for him to begin that when he's of age!"

He looked at his watch then.

"And high time for us to go, if we're going," he said. "Ho, Reilley—coats and hats—!"

Short as the distance was, and clement though the weather, there could be no crossing the garden to-night. Their entrance must be made with due formality; they must be as fully dressed as though they had, like most of the guests, come from some distance. So Pat, for the first time in her life, donned a high hat—and wonderfully well she looked in it, too!

The strains of music had for some time been coming to them through the open windows; the great pile of hats and topcoats in the ante room to which a servant showed them in the Schuyler house made it seem

likely that they were among the last of the guests to arrive.

Pat was vastly thrilled as she followed Larry into the great ball room. The scene was a brilliant one as the dancers moved in the stately measures of a waltz; the music was the best the city could afford; flowers were everywhere.

All the beauty of New York was on that floor, and there were guests from far away. The great Patroon families from Albany were represented; there were guests from Baltimore and Philadelphia, Boston, and the Jerseys. From Governor's Island had come officers in their blue dress uniforms; certainly, there was no lack of color in the scene.

But Pat's eyes searched the room first of all for Fulton. A little earlier he had stood in line, to receive and meet the guests, with Betty and Mr. Schuyler; now he and Vanderbilt stood apart, watching the dancers.

Vanderbilt was tense and nervous; Fulton calm and placid, his features lighted by his pleasant, grave smile.

"I believe this is your first ball, is it not?" said Fulton, to Pat, when she went up to shake hands with him—remembering, just in time, not to drop a courtesy! "I hope it will be only the first of many."

Brevoort, Irving and Halleck greeted Fulton courteously but briefly; nodded to Vanderbilt; went on, then, to find partners for the dance. But Larry lingered.

"All goes well?" he said. "The *Clermont* is ready?"

"As ready as I can make her," said Fulton. "I have done my best. The issue now is beyond my power to control."

"You need have no concern about the *Clermont!*" said Vanderbilt. "I couldn't have built her, but I'm enough of a mechanic to know that she is as sound and right as human hands and human brains can make her. She will be a success to-morrow!"

"I am glad you are so confident," said Larry.

Vanderbilt's eyes searched his.

"I'm not worried about the *Clermont,*" he said. "Only one thing gives me concern now—the money. You are sure of the ten thousand dollars?"

"As sure as you are of the *Clermont!*" said Larry.

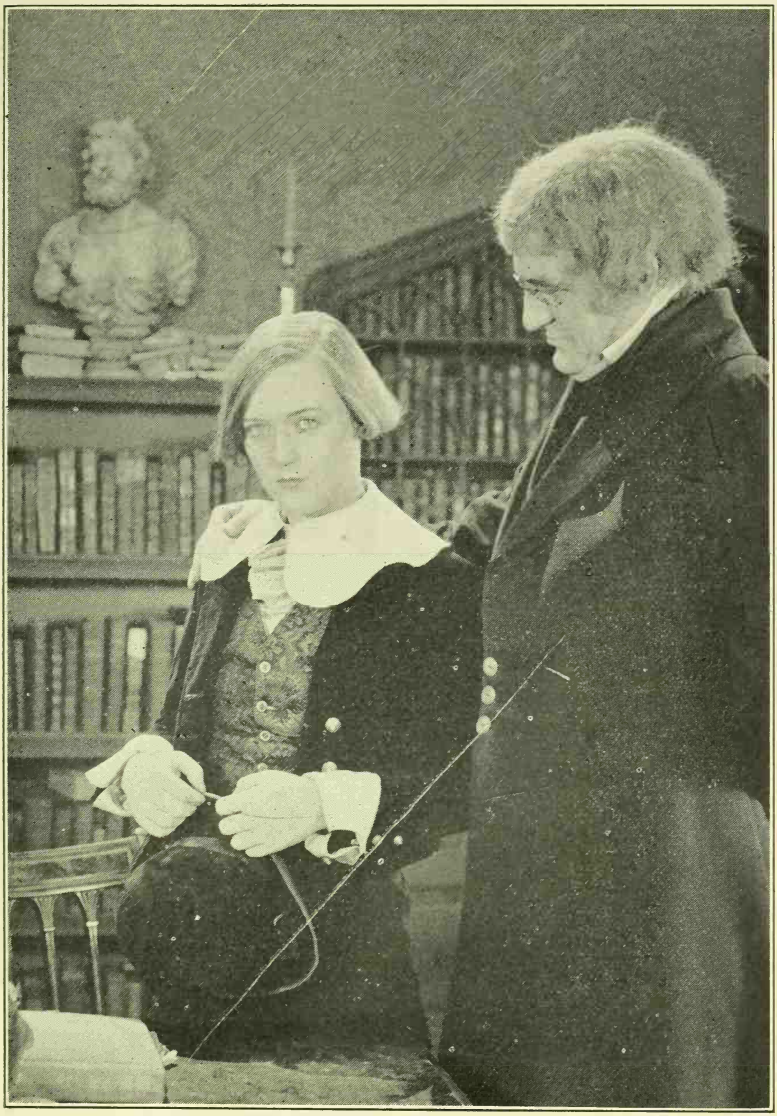
Pat's heart sank. She wondered if Vanderbilt saw that that answer could be construed in more ways than one?

"It would be calamitous to have any difficulty about the money now," said Vanderbilt. "I needn't tell you that if the trip tomorrow is a success Schuyler will stand upon his rights to the last penny!"

"You needn't concern yourself about the money—as I have told you before," said Larry, with some heat. "That is my part of the undertaking—as it is yours and Fulton's to see to the *Clermont.*"

And he turned away, leaving Vanderbilt

silenced, but still, if his eyes told the truth, a prey to care and doubt. Only Pat saw, sick at heart, how the perspiration started, and stood in beads on Larry's forehead.



*Cosmopolitan Photoplay.* *Little Old New York.*

MARION DAVIES AND ARTHUR DILLON.

## CHAPTER XII

"LARRY—" Pat's voice was low; he turned, surprised by its intensity.

"Well, Pat?"

"Is it true about the money, for sure? You'll have your hands on it in time?"

"What's that to you, Pat?" said Larry, sternly.

"Sure, and what's it not to me? If it hadn't been for me you'd have no worries about money now! Oh, Larry, sometimes I wish that ship that brought me had gone down in the storms that beat upon us as we came!"

"Nonsense, boy," said Larry. But his voice was kinder. "I won't have you thinking such things. If I have worries they're of my own making, and I'll find my own way out of them. Hello—"

A curious stirring of interest through the great room had prompted his explanation. He turned, and so did Pat—to see the entrance of a queen. For, in her own eyes, Ariana de Puyster was a queen that night.

She wore a gown in the last fashion of Paris, wholly new, still, to New York. And pride buoyed her up as she came in, with Betty Schuyler hovering adoringly beside her. She waved her fan languidly; Pat ground her teeth.

"Indeed and I do wish that ship had foundered!" she said, crossly. "That painted scarecrow would have gone down with her if she had—and you'd be free of her, at least—and of me as well! Oh, it's no use scoldin' me, Larry—"

But he was not scolding her; perhaps, had not heard her at all. For at the sight of Ariana he had forgotten everything and every one save her. In his mind was no thought of the rebuff she had given him at their last meeting; no thought, indeed, of

anything but that he saw her again. He crossed the great room with hurried steps; bowed low before her; took her hand, and this time, kissed it with neither embarrassment nor any hint from her.

"Isn't she wonderful, Larry?" said Betty, eagerly. "Did you ever see such a gown?"

"I vow you cover me with blushes, child!" said Ariana, languidly. "Really, you know, this is quite—nice! I declare, I am surprised. And pleased—that there is one house in New York that makes it possible to think of London without a blush!"

Pat, who had followed Larry slowly, heard, and turned away. She would not trust herself, in that moment, so much as to look at them. Larry—making a fool of himself over this girl! Why, even Brevoort saw through her! As for Irving, he had gone off by himself to laugh. Pat ground her teeth. Let them laugh at Ariana as much as they pleased—but if they dared to mock Larry—!

"May I have this dance?" Larry was begging.

"Oh—a dance!" Ariana was more languid than ever. "Lud! Have I energy enough to dance? I vow I doubt it! But I will try, for you, Larry! 'Tis more than I would do for any other man in America!"

Pat stood still, glaring. But she was helpless; she had to watch Larry lead Ariana out on the floor. She did not notice at first that Betty Schuyler was standing beside her, watching with eyes full of enthusiasm and delight. The music stirred Pat, despite herself; she longed to be there, too, dancing —in Larry's arms.

"They make a splendid couple, don't they, Pat?" said Betty. "Neither of them ought ever to dance with any one else."

"Where are the eyes in your head?" said Pat, crossly and rudely. "She, with her mincing airs and graces!"

"Why, Pat!" said Betty, amazed. "You're the only boy I ever knew who'd say

a thing like that of Ariana! They're all crazy about her! And in London—"

"Oh, London—and who cares for London?" said Pat. "Sure, there's nothing but English there—she'd be well enough in such company!"

"I forgot—you're Irish," said Betty. "You don't like the English, do you?"

"No—nor the French nor the Dutch!" said Pat. "Will you look at the way she's hanging to him? Has she not the strength to dance upon her own two legs?"

"Pat—Pat, for shame!" said Betty. And then, perhaps to quiet him: "I would like to dance myself."

From a hostess that was equivalent to a royal command. But much Pat cared—that night!

"Sure, nobody's stopping you," she said, and turned away, never seeing how poor Betty stood staring after her, wide eyed and open mouthed.

Nor would she have cared had she seen.

Her thought was all for Larry. She was glad, for the first time, that she had played the part her father had thrust upon her. For she had a shrewd idea that the favors Ariana might gladly enough have bestowed upon the heir of her uncle would never be granted to a penniless Larry; Ariana, unless Pat misjudged her sadly, was one who would always have a keen eye for the main chance.

It was a relief to have the music stop, even though it meant that she had to watch Larry leading Ariana from the floor, and bending close to her with the devotion of a true cavalier, the while that Ariana, affecting a weakness almost too great to be borne, leaned heavily upon him.

She tried to watch them without letting it be seen that she was doing so, but in a moment, to her dismay, she saw Larry beckoning to her. Reluctantly, ungraciously, she crossed the room to join them.

"Come, Pat," said Larry, "Mistress de Puyster is better to you than you deserve.

She has forgiven your rudeness the first time you met—kiss her hand, and thank her for her kindness."

Pat bowed, clumsily, but made no move to take the hand Ariana waved before her, and the heiress laughed.

"You've not had time to teach him graces yet, Larry," she said. "Come now, Pat—we must be friends. I dare to say that your guardian is the oldest and the most devoted of my lovers. I vow I must buy you some toys to-morrow."

"Save yourself the trouble," said Pat. "I am too old to play with toys, Mistress de Puyster."

Ariana lifted her brows; Larry scowled. And Ariana turned to him.

"I fear you have undertaken a hopeless task, Larry," she said. "It's hard for any one to make a silk purse of a sow's ear, they say—but were I in your place I should send this boy to military school, where they at least teach the pupils manners."

That blow at last struck home; Ariana had drawn blood for the first time in an encounter with Pat, who turned frantically to Larry and seized his arms.

"Oh, Larry—no—no!" she begged. "Whatever you do, don't send me away to school! Pay no attention to that tittivating female!"

But she had, at least, the grace to say that under her breath, so that Ariana did not hear, although it was easy to surmise that Pat had been disrespectful again.

"Hold your tongue, Pat," said Larry. "I've no wish to send you to school unless you make me—but I shall unless you mend your ways. You have been rude again to Mistress de Puyster, and I won't have that."

Meantime Ariana had moved away, and Pat turned pleadingly to Larry.

"I know I've been rude," she said. "Oh, Larry—forgive me! I promise myself I'll be polite to her—and then she says something that stirs me up! But I'll be good—

oh, I promise I'll be good, if you'll but forgive me and be kind to me."

"Don't take on so, Pat," said Larry. "No one wishes to be anything but kind to you—but you must keep a curb on that sharp tongue of yours. And, in any case, it doesn't become a man to be rude to a woman. That's a game only girls are allowed to play—and no one likes even a girl the better if she isn't pleasant to other girls."

"I'll remember—and I'll try," said Pat.

Larry was trying to edge away. He had lost his monopoly of Ariana; she was, by now, the center of another group, and Brevoort, with a twinkle in his eye, was urging her to sing.

"Oh, do, Ariana," begged Betty Schuyler. "We're all simply dying to hear you sing one of the new London songs!"

"Oh, la, Betty—I dare not!" said Ariana. "You've no idea how wicked they are there! All the songs I learned are very amorous ditties!"

"The more eager we to hear it, then!" said Brevoort.

She turned to Larry with a languishing look.

"You'll have to encourage me, Larry, before I dare sing it, I fear!" she said.

Larry, before them all, was a little embarrassed; a little slow to take his cue. But that was too much for Pat's good resolutions.

"Sure, you didn't need encouragement the last time!" she said.

Irving laughed out; even Betty Schuyler, with all her young girl's adoration for Ariana, smiled. But Larry frowned, and Ariana was furious.

"I shall never be able to sing with this impossible child about to distract me!" she said.

Larry seized Pat's arm, but she was not to be suppressed now.

"You needn't worry!" she said, viciously.

"You'll never be able to sing anyway, whether I'm about or not!"

Ariana turned crimson with rage; for a moment it looked as if she meant to strike Pat. But before anything more could be said or done Larry dragged Pat away, and Pat, struggling, kicking, protesting, everything but her scorn and jealous hatred of Ariana forgotten, had to go. Larry was angry, but he had himself well in hand.

"Look here, Pat," he said, when they were in the garden, "this must stop. I won't have you being so damned impudent to Mistress de Puyster."

"You won't, is it? Then tell her not to be so damned impudent to me!" cried Pat.

"That will do, Pat," said Larry, quietly. "Go home now, and to bed. I'm sorry I let you come. You're not to be trusted."

Pat, stricken suddenly, looked up at him.

"I—I'm sorry, Larry," she said. "Really and truly— I wouldn't have said

anything if I'd thought—I wouldn't go to bring shame on you—"

"Go home," said Larry. She couldn't see that the corners of his mouth were twitching, ever so faintly; his tone was stern and unforgiving.

"But—I'll promise to be good—"

"Go home!"

Reluctantly Pat took a step; Larry stood, his arms folded, watching her.

"Ah, now, Larry—don't be after sendin' me home like a baby from the party—"

"If you don't want to be treated like a baby you mustn't act like one. Go home."

"I—I don't want to go home—"

From behind them came the sound of a few introductory chords on a piano. Larry turned; saw that Ariana was seated at the instrument.

"Go home at once!" he said. "Stop arguing. At once—do you hear me?"

And Pat knew, now, that she must obey. Larry turned away and went back into the

house. And, disconsolate, a little ashamed of herself, but not enough so really to make her sorry for what she had done, Pat walked across the garden to the gate. Reilley was there; she saw at once that he had been listening, from the way he smiled as he took his long pipe from his mouth. That was too much.

"You mind your business, you good for nothing Irishman, you!" she said.

Reilley laughed.

" 'Tis quiet you must be now, boy," he said. "You'd not be interferin' with the music Mr. Larry admires so much, would you?"

For now Ariana's voice was lifted in song, and came to them. And Reilley, affecting to be much impressed, put his finger to his lips, and stood, in the attitude of one listening intently.

"You're all fools!" cried Pat, and burst into a storm of weeping as she ran past him and into the house.

## CHAPTER XIII

Reilley, left alone, shrugged his shoulders. The night was one of calm and peaceful beauty. The moon made the garden as bright as day; it was so warm that in the Schuyler house all the windows were open. Every sound came out; Reilley, standing by the gate, filling his pipe, packing the tobacco down with meticulous care, could look into the ball room and see, without any difficulty at all, the corner, near the window, where the musicians had been placed.

Ariana was at the piano; the group that had gathered about her when she took her place had opened a way for Larry, and he stood close beside her now, looking down at her with his admiration plain in every look, every movement.

"The boy must be whipped—but he has the right of it!" said old Reilley, to himself. "I think shame to see Mr. Larry throwin' himself away on yon painted piece of foolishness!"

Ariana was singing, and the old Irishman listened, with amusement in his eyes and an ironic smile curving his mouth. Her voice was thin; she sang with an affectation that spoiled any effect the trumpery music might have had; she struck more wrong notes than right ones as her fingers stumbled through the accompaniment.

But in this new city of a new land she represented the authority of old ways, settled ways. She and her song were fresh from London, and anything that came from London must be right—so New York, far more provincial than it dared to admit, believed still, in those days. Changed was the spirit that accounted for the empty pedestal that Reilley, by turning his head, could see in the center of Bowling Green; the pedestal on

which, not so long ago there had stood a statue of His Most Christian Majesty, George the Third, of Hanover and England. Patriots had tied a rope about that statue once, and dragged it down, and bullets made from it had sent hired Hessians about their business. And now Reilley, with all his memories of Washington and Greene, Lee and Schuyler, the great Philip of that name, had to listen to a mincing miss casting the spell of London upon the New York that had seen that great moment!

Reilley, with the philosophy of his years, watched the comedy that was being played at the piano. Ariana sang to Larry; all her airs and graces were for him. He looked embarrassed to be so singled out before that company—and yet— Ah, well! Reilley sighed. He could tell Larry, if he would— But to what use? What lover ever listened yet to those who cast disparagement upon the lady of his sighs? What would be, must; Reilley could only hope that Larry's

poverty would, in the end, lead Ariana to seek elsewhere.

True, she had enough, and more than enough, or would have, when her inheritance was hers, to make up for Larry's lack of means. But Reilley had lived long, seen much, and made his observations, and he had never found that wealth looked kindly at dalliance with poverty. Old Jan de Puyster would have his say before it came to wedding bells at old Trinity, up where Wall street ran to the river. Time enough to worry when he must. But of one thing Reilley was sure: Mistress de Puyster, become she Mistress Delavan if she would, should never be his mistress!

A sound behind him made him turn. And, to his amazement, he saw Pat, her harp in her hand, coming toward him, stealing softly among the flowers. She came slowly, hesitatingly; she looked at Reilley, as if she were in doubt as to whether or not he would try to make her go back.

But Reilley only smiled as he saw her. She found a seat, sat down; began, very softly, to tune her harp. Reilley stood watching, and listening to the sweet music of the harp. It stirred his earliest memories. Ah, here was music—true music! Not such cheap stuff as came still from the great house beyond the Schuyler garden. But he sighed, too.

" 'Tis a thankless task you've set yourself, Pat," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, to try to sing yourself back into Mr. Larry's good graces! Listen to an old man's advice, boy! Never try to come between a young man and the woman he's cast his eyes upon. You'll prove the truth of that for yourself in time, no doubt—it would be like you to go fallin' in love with some baggage worse than that!"

"Never!" cried Pat. "I—"

And then she stopped. How hard it was, in this moonlit garden, to remember that she

wore pantaloons, and not her native skirts; that every hour she lived was a new and living lie!

"Have it your own way!" said Reilley. "As for me, I'm going in. It's warm enough, but for my old bones there's peril in the air of night, be it ever so soft and balmy!"

Left alone in the perfumed night Pat touched the strings of her harp again. Ariana had finished her song; the applause that broke out kept her at the piano, and Pat could see her looking up at Larry, as if she were asking him what she should sing next! And Pat, seizing upon the moment of silence, lifted her own voice. Sweet and clear and fresh it was; the fragrance of the night was in it; the mystery of her race, with its long history of sorrow. Magic was in her song that night; all the passion of her being was woven into its strain, enriching it, ennobling it, lending it a beauty greater than any of which its maker had dreamed.

Straight from her heart, with all its load of sorrow and of fear, Pat sang. She was like some prisoned bird, crying out in its cage for freedom and the right to live. The harp sang with her, under the light touch of her fingers; the wind rustled among the flowers; far away the bell of old Trinity rang out the hour.

And then, Ariana, not hearing, or hearing, not heeding, drove her fingers down upon the piano's keys once more, and her voice rose in another mincing, tawdry song. How dared she profane that golden sound that came stealing through the windows from without? So Irving thought, who had heard, and held his breath to listen. Wonder filled him; he had not known that in New York a voice so lovely was to be heard.

Brevoort was listening, too, but the magic strains that moved Irving so deeply escaped him. Music bored him at best; as Ariana rendered it it seemed to him a sinful, utter,

waste of time. He turned to Irving; whispered in his ear.

"Tell me, sage!" he said, "why will men waste their time this way when there are cards to be played and good wine to be drunk?"

"Shh!" said Irving, laughing under his breath. "They'll put you out! She is Lady Oracle, and when she sings let no dog bark!"

Now to Larry, too, intent as he was upon Ariana and her song, the sound of Pat's voice came stealing in. Despite himself he raised his head; his startled eyes met Irving's, who nodded, his finger to his lips.

Ariana sang on; louder and louder rose her voice. And Pat, in the garden, listening, even as she sang, grew angry again, and some of the sweetness went out of her voice as she raised it to meet the challenge of the other song.

Then, suddenly, as her eyes went back to the window, she caught her breath. Larry

was no longer in his place! Had he heard? Was he coming? Would he be angry again —heap reproaches upon her—drive her away? She did not care! If he could not know the difference between her song and Ariana's he deserved no better fate than Ariana would bring to him!

In the house Ariana's song came to its end at last. Once more the applause broke out, and the appeals for more. Then, as she sat bowing and affecting to blush, and the applause died down, Pat's voice, nearing the triumphant ending of her song, came to them all, louder and louder, clearer and more clear. Ariana started in anger; the others looked about—crowded then, to the window, to hear the better.

"I vow I have a rival!" Ariana said. And she looked about for Larry. He was gone. He had not waited to applaud her—he, for whom alone she had sung! Real color stained her cheeks then; stood in two bright spots on her high cheek bones. In-

solent! But how he should be punished when he returned!

And Pat, outside, her eyes on the door now, saw Larry come into its frame of light. The momentary harshness that had come into her voice when it had disputed with Ariana's left it again; she sang, once more, with softness and with beauty as she watched him. She could read his very thoughts. He had come to bid her cease; to order her, once more, to go home and to bed.

But, all at once, he was hating his task. Sheer instinct told her that; that and the way he stood, hesitating, listening! Ah, the game was in her hands now! He was listening—she had asked no more than that he should do that. All her heart was in her voice now as she sang; she sang for all that was dear to her, all that she had come to treasure most in all the world. Never, never, could he know the truth—but she must save him from the fate that lay in wait for him inside that ball room!

Not for worlds, now, would she have had him know she saw him, watched him. Indeed, she had no need to watch him now. Her eyes were cast down, but she was conscious of every step he took that brought him nearer to her. Slowly, slowly, he came across the garden to her, walking among the flowers, that waved in the light breeze that cooled the night. Until he stood at last, close by the fence; leaned over it; stood so, a moment, looking down at her.

Not until her song was ended did he speak, and then his voice was low, and kind, and gentle.

"Your voice comes straight to you from God!" he said. "Pat—I'm sorry I was hard with you a while ago, lad."

"Oh, and is it you?" she said, in great surprise. "The night was so fine—I was so hot—I couldn't sleep! And so I just came out with my harp to sing awhile before I went to bed."

"I heard you," he said. "In there—for all the din—I heard you!"

Pat's heart leaped in its triumph. Din, he called it—Mistress de Puyster's famous singing! Din! Oh, if she could but have heard that Pat's cup of joy would have spilled over!

Larry leaned over the fence.

"Sing that song again, Pat," he said. "I—I never heard anything so lovely! What a shame it is to think your voice must break—and soon, I suppose, for surely you are older than most boys are when their voices have already changed!"

Pat smiled to herself as she bent to her harp again. And, joyously, triumphantly, she sang her song again, giving her voice full vent. Little she cared now who should hear her! A thankless task, Reilley had called it! Well, there were things, after all, that Reilley didn't know!

And then, as she looked past Larry toward

the other house, she saw what was needed to make her triumph complete. Even could she have heard she would have known no more!

For Ariana, angry, surprised, discomfited by Larry's absence, was looking all about for him. She came back to the window; asked, sharply, of a group made up of Brevoort, and Irving, and Halleck, where Larry was.

"Why, we've not seen him since your song—" said Brevoort. "But if you've any message for him, Ariana, let us bear it. We are to play with him, later."

Well for Pat, in her brief moment of happiness, that she did not hear that! For the ominous words would have dashed the cup of joy from her lips as she was about to drink.

She sang on, though, in happy ignorance. And Larry, drawn by some power strange to him, that was beyond all his strength to resist, opened the gate, and came to stand

close beside her. And, when she was done, his hand fell on her head, and he turned it so that her eyes looked up into his.

"Pat—" he said. And then: "Gad—you do strange things to me, boy! Were you a girl I'd say—"

Suddenly, amazingly, Pat broke down. A storm of weeping shook her. Larry, concerned, surprised, deeply disturbed, stared down at her. He did not like the way this boy was always breaking into tears; it was unmanly. He frowned.

"Come, Pat!" he said, as sternly as he could, "what ails you, lad?"

"It—it's nothing—" gasped poor Pat. "That song—it always makes me—cry—to sing it—"

Larry shrugged his shoulders. He did not understand this boy. But he knew now what he had tried to hide from himself for some time past; that the lad had crept, somehow, into his heart.

## CHAPTER XIV

BRIGHT and beautiful was the morning of the day that was to see the *Clermont,* under her own steam, without the aid of wind or tide, move on the broad bosom of the river Hudson had found two centuries before. The sun rode in a cloudless sky of deepest blue; the hills of Staten Island showed clear and fresh in the early light, veiled by not even a hint of mist. Across the river stretched the Jersey marshes; beyond loomed those grim guardians of the stream, the Palisades, old as time itself, relic of a force even mightier than that which Robert Fulton that day was at last to loose for the uses of the world.

The same sun that woke Fulton and called him to glory and to triumph came stealing

through the windows of Larry Delavan's house. It lighted a table littered with the débris of the night. Cigar stumps lay about; there were little pools of moisture where wine had been spilled. It lighted worn and haggard faces; it lighted the frayed cards of the play. And it lighted the sunken eyes of Larry Delavan, his haggard face, his lips that, for all his courage, trembled as he spoke.

In the center of the board lay money, piled high. Halleck and Irving sat back; this final struggle had lain between Larry and Brevoort. And Brevoort, with a light laugh, laid down his hand and reached out for the money.

"Gad—fortune's abandoned you, the jade!" he said. "Larry, I give you my word—I hoped I'd lose!"

"I think you've proved yourself the better man!" said Larry, summoning the smile that never failed him, no matter how black the face that luck turned toward him.

"Once more? Your luck must change!" said Brevoort.

But Larry shook his head at last.

"Not I," he said. "I'm through. You've cleaned me out, Henry! As it is now—I still can pay you what I owe. Let me lose the once more and I could not. And debts of honor must be paid."

Brevoort looked concerned. But what Larry had said was true. A gambling debt must be paid—and within twenty-four hours. Any other—might wait. But not a loss incurred in play. And there was justice in that, for a man has not the right to play, knowing, that if he wins, he will take another's money, and that if he loses—he loses what he cannot pay.

For Larry the night that had just passed had spelled disaster—ruin. It had been his last cast. Had he won, and won enough, he might have averted ruin. Now, as matters stood, all he had in the world was gone. He had staked all upon the play—and lost.

The house, home of his earliest, dearest memories. And worse—he could not, now, meet his obligation at the bank; Fulton and Vanderbilt, who had trusted him, were involved in his own ruin.

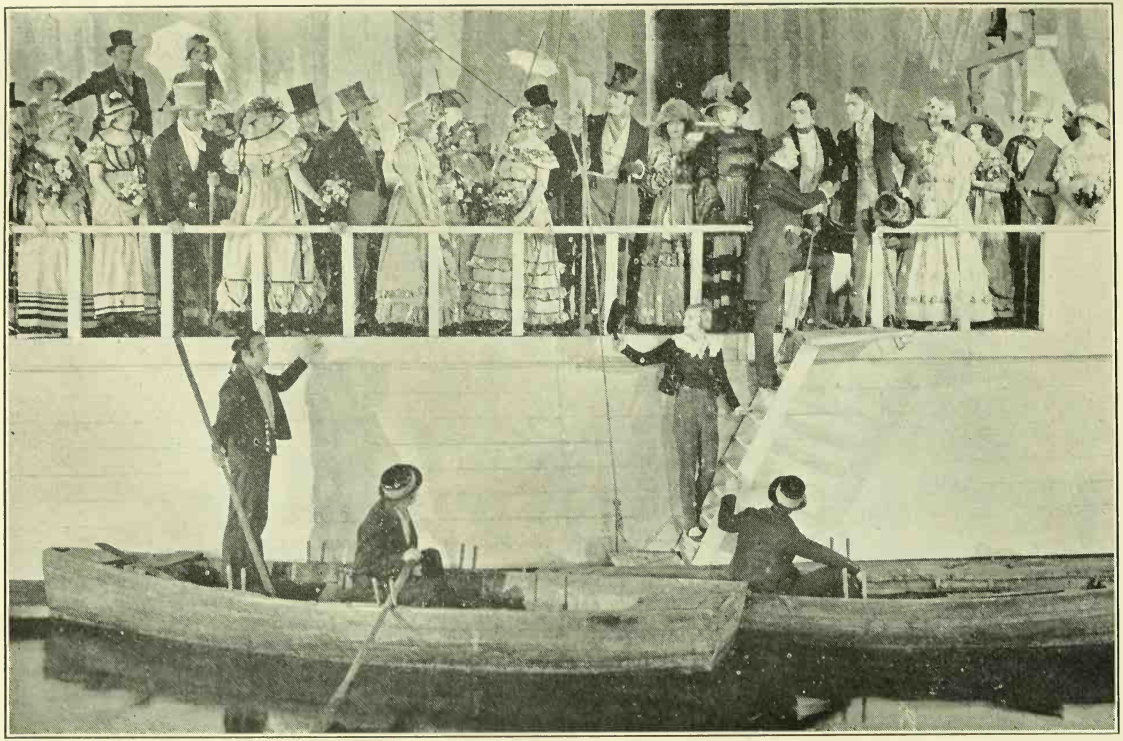
To Brevoort and the others that would mean little enough. Brevoort lived lightly; took life as it came. Rich, he was always in debt. He had won heavily from Larry, but not heavily enough to do more than relieve him for the moment. Yet behind him was a fortune solid and unassailable; not his to draw upon as yet, but still a shelter against adversity. None would press Henry Brevoort, knowing that, in time, he would be rich as few men ever are.

But Larry, for all his gambling and his dissipation, had a broader, a more serious view of life. Within him, always, two natures had been in conflict; he had seen the splendor of Fulton's vision when to scoff at the young inventor had been the fashion. He had dreamed, always, of becoming a fig-

ure in the life of the city; it was a notable thing that he alone, of all the young men of his set, ever received a friendly word from Astor. The old fur merchant liked him; expressed, often, high hopes of him; had frankly deplored the stroke of fortune that had ended Larry's great prospects.

And now—well, it was over. He would have to pay such of his debts as he could; go to work, then, and devote the years of his youth to earning money enough to pay the rest. One thing, at least, stood to his credit; it never occurred to him as possible, even, that he should do anything but that.

Outside in the garden was Pat. All her happiness of the night before was gone. She had hoped that she had done more than win Larry from Ariana for the moment; had prayed that that night, at least, he would resist the temptation to play. And—he had not. She had heard them, through the night, as she lay, almost sleepless, waking,



*Cosmopolitan Photoplay.* THE FIRST STEAMBOAT. "PAT" IS THE HERO OF THE HOUR. *Little Old New York.*

ever and again, to hear them still hard at it.

Early that morning, long before the sun stole through the shaded windows of the great living room, Pat had stolen downstairs. She had not dared to enter the room and interfere; disconsolate, a prey to fears and anxieties that maddened her, she had gone out into the garden.

And now she saw two curious figures approaching the gate. One wore the red shirt and the rudimentary uniform of a fireman; this was a big, loutish fellow, with a stupid, good humored face—Bully Boy Brewster, champion of the firehouse, and a famous rough and tumble fighter. The other was his sister, Rachel, a vixenish young woman, homely, masculine in aspect, shrewd of wit, sharp and bitter of tongue. Pat hated Rachel; had only contempt for her brother, who was the idol, nevertheless, of all the small boys about the Bowling Green.

Pat guessed their errand as soon as she

saw them stop at the gate and fumble with its catch. And she went quickly to intercept them.

"What do you want here?" she asked.

"None of your business, young fellow, my lad!" said Brewster.

Rachel nodded her head. But Pat stood her ground.

"Out of the way, young bantam!" said Rachel. "We've business with Mr. Delavan!"

"He'll do no business with you," said Pat. "Be off with you, and leave him be. He's in trouble enough now without the likes of you dangling after him."

Brewster only laughed, and the pair started to push their way past Pat. But she, in a fury, flung herself at Brewster and kicked him in the shins. He only laughed the more, and, seizing her by the shoulders, held her off, the while she screamed and struggled like a cat that has been caught by the scruff of the neck.

"Here, here! What's the meaning of all this?"

Larry's voice, edged by the irritation that came from the weariness of the all-night session, and by his naturally highly nervous state of mind, broke in sharply upon the din. Brewster released Pat at once and took off his hat, while Rachel bowed and simpered.

"What does this mean?" asked Larry, sternly. "I can't have this sort of disturbance here!"

"We were just wanting to see you, sir," said Rachel. "To remind you again of your promise. The Hoboken Terror is looking for a fight, and with the crowd that's here because of the steamboat he and my brother, if they fought, would draw such a crowd as the old firehouse never saw before or will again!"

Larry shook his head impatiently.

"Well, it's no affair of mine!" he said. "Do as you please!"

"But, Mr. Delavan—you promised to back him!"

"And I told you I couldn't keep my promise—and why. It was no fault of mine. Be off with you, now."

"Ah, now, Mr. Delavan—there's no risk in it; just to put up the money for the purse—the Terror has his backer ready! You'll win—"

"I tell you no! Let that be enough!"

"I told you so!" said Pat, triumphantly. Rachel turned a look full of hatred upon her; spoke, under her breath, to her brother.

Brevoort laughed.

"Let me give you a bit of advice, Brewster!" he said. "Don't try to get a backer for that fight! You'd have no more chance with the Terror than I would!"

"A lot you know about it!" cried Rachel, shrilly. "I've trained him! I know what he can do! Why, he's as good as winner now! You—you've all turned Mr. Delavan against us! Taking the bread and but-

ter out of honest folks' mouth, you—''

Her brother checked her. He knew his gentle sister well, and the language she was capable of using under such provocation. And he knew it wouldn't do; that these gentlemen had a curious way of standing together.

''Shh, Ray!'' he said, ''Mr. Delavan's busy now and won't bother with us. If we see him later—''

Larry, turning just as he heard that, saw Vanderbilt hurrying toward his gate. And he welcomed the chance to escape.

''Yes, yes—your brother's right, Rachel,'' he said. ''I've too much to do to talk to you now. Come back later—''

''When, Mr. Delavan? We'll come back whenever you say?''

''Oh, come this afternoon! I'll have more time then. But it'll do you no good—I can't back any prize fights now!''

''Are you ready, Delavan?'' said Vanderbuilt. ''The *Clermont* is being towed

around into the North River now, and Mr. Fulton expects to get up steam and try to start her in less than an hour!"

"Come, Larry—we must hurry," said Brevoort. "Suppose Fulton should be right and the *Clermont* actually does move!"

A coach drew up beside the gate; with it came three saddle horses, led by a small colored boy, who rode one of them. Already the great Schuyler coach was waiting next door; just as Larry and his friends went back into the house the Schuyler party, with Ariana conspicuous among them, came out.

"I declare—I expect we shall all be blown up!" said Ariana. "Where is Larry? I shall die of fright unless he goes aboard when I do!"

"He will, Ariana, dearest," said Betty, laughing. "If we're to be blown up we'll all be blown up together. But we must hurry—our horses are so fat they can't go fast!"

Within Larry and his friends had fresh-

ened themselves with cold water and removed all traces of their night's debauch. Reilley had steaming coffee ready for them, and, when they were served, Pat drew the old Irishman aside.

"Reilley—I'm not going with them," she said.

"Not going to see the steamboat tried?" said Reilley. "Sure, and you'll never be missing that sight!"

"Not I," said Pat. "But I've something to do first. If they miss me, do you tell them I'll meet them at the landing stage."

Reilley, puzzled, saw no reason why he should not do so; nodded his head, finally, in agreement, and, smiling, watched Pat tiptoe out of the house, casting cautious glances behind her.

As she saw the waiting coach Pat's heart leaped. She had a plan; she had been wondering how she was to find the time to carry it out. But now, without a moment's hesitation, she opened the coach door.

"Take me first to Mr. Astor's store!" she ordered, as if she had been used to giving such commands all her life. The coachman cracked his whip; the footman sprang to his seat, and they were off.

Great was the stir and bustle of that morning. All the notables were out, driving northward to the *Clermont's* landing stage; fine figures on horseback rode beside the coaches, bending in their saddles to catch a glimpse of the pretty faces within; on the sidewalks the rabble watched and cheered—or jeered!—as the great folk went past.

Astor looked up, smiling, when Pat came in.

"You are punctual, boy," he said. "That is good. I am glad to see you are too level headed to be carried away like the rest of the fools who are going to see Mr. Fulton show that boats cannot be moved by steam!"

"Yes, sir," said Pat, meekly.

"Now—I will show you how business is done," said Astor. "See—here is the draft

for ten thousand dollars that I shall use to buy the land for you. We will pay that—but we shall have the land, and in a few years it will be worth much more than ten thousand dollars to you."

He turned, then, to take his coat and hat. But Pat checked him.

"Will you be lettin' me speak just a moment, sir?" she asked.

Astor stared at her, surprised.

"You're wantin' to make a business man out of me, aren't you, Mr. Astor?" she said.

"Yes," he said, nodding his head. "And I shall, please God! You make me hopeful when you, a boy, are willing to miss a show like that to-day!"

"Then—why not give me the draft and let me pay it—do this business all by myself? It's only by doing things that you learn how to do them."

Astor showed his surprise again. But then the inherent good sense of what she said appealed to him, and he laughed.

"You have right, mein junker!" he said.

"Of course!" she said. "How will I ever learn to handle me own money and stand on me own two feet alone if I don't make a beginning some time?"

Astor nodded.

"That is good sense, boy!" he said.

He put back his coat and hat, and sat down, heavily. Pat could scarcely suppress the signs of her delight.

"Listen now to me, boy," said Astor. "What you have to do is simple enough, but you must do exactly as I say. You are to meet Mr. Rhinelander and Mr. Stuyvesant—you understand? You will give them this draft and take their receipt—and the deeds that they will give you that will show that the land is yours. You understand?"

"Sure and I can do that, easy!" said Pat. She reached for the draft, and Astor, almost reluctantly, surrendered it to her. She was on her feet at once. One swift glance showed her that from his seat Astor could

not see the street; he would not, therefore, see her enter the coach again and drive off—which would excite his suspicions.

The coach was waiting; Pat flashed across the sidewalk and into it like lightning.

"Drive to the landing stage—and hurry, hurry, hurry!" she cried.

And not in many a day had Brevoort's horses shown such speed as they proved themselves to possess now!

## CHAPTER XV

FULTON, fearful lest some unforeseeable accident, or some mistake of his own, should turn the famous trial trip into a fiasco, had resolved to start well up the stream, so that the crowds on shore, at least, should not be witnesses of a possible failure. It would be bad enough to have to face the ridicule of the guests who had been invited to make the trip; the thought of mocking thousands was more than he could bear.

The vessel that carried so many hopes lay at anchor off a wooded cove, where the land sloped gently down to a beach, convenient for the embarkation of the guests in the small boats that, acting as tenders, would carry them out to the *Clermont*. Here, as the hour for the start drew near, a crowd

was gathering. Carriages stood everywhere; horses were tied to every tree. Servants moved here and there, shouting and calling to one another. And every minute saw the crowd of notables increase.

All the fashion, most of the wealth—Astor being the greatest exception—and all the civic dignitaries of New York were there. Politicians and statesmen; foreign diplomats; officers of army and navy—all had come, curious, skeptical, most of them, hopeful, a few, to see what was to happen. Vanderbilt looked as if he were bowed with care and worry; Fulton himself, moving about the deck, a spyglass under his arm, seemed to be the calmest man on board his boat.

Down below, in the engine room, they were getting up steam; smoke curled already from the high smokestack. The crew was busy with a thousand tasks, discovered or remembered at the last minute.

The deck filled gradually, as, a few at a time, the guests were brought out in the

small boats. And on shore there was a din of excited talk that set the birds, unused to disturbance of their peace in this rude fashion, to wild circlings above the trees. For this was open country; far above Greenwich Village—Fulton, indeed, had chosen to go nearly to Chelsea to make his start.

The Schuyler coach arrived in ample time; for all of Betty's concern over the fatness of the horses they came lumbering up among the first. Ariana had to greet many old friends who had not seen her before since her return from London, but it was plain that the duty palled upon her and bored her to distraction.

"These men!" she said, to Betty, when they had a moment to themselves. "My dear—I suppose they played all night at Larry Delavan's! Suppose they come too late?"

"Then they'll miss all the sights—and serve them right," said Betty, philosophi-

cally. "Don't worry about them, Ariana. Look—there's young Phil Livingston from Albany! Oh, every one's here!"

Every one wasn't, for Ariana—not so long as Larry stayed away. Here was an example of the Christian virtues. Ariana might well have been offended; have chosen to remember how cavalierly he had abandoned her side the night before, when she was singing for him, to him. But Ariana was not one to let a petty spite upset her plans. In her experience you must drive men upon a loose rein; give them their heads. Before you were married, that was, of course! Afterward—her lips tightened. If she married Larry, her look seemed to say, he might learn a thing or two.

But she was all smiles when at last, when only a few passengers remained ashore to be carried to the *Clermont,* Larry came riding up, with Brevoort and Irving, and Halleck bringing up the rear.

"You are late, you naughty man!" she said, tapping his arm playfully with her fan.

"Not too late, though," he said, kissing her hand. "A strange thing happened. Have you seen Pat? Has he come and gone on board already?"

Ariana's smile only just survived that question—and it took a great effort on her part to save it.

"No," she said. "You mean that terrible child of yours?"

"Yes. I'm worried about him," said Larry, ignoring the change in her manner. "He went off, most unaccountably, in Brevoort's coach, leaving us to ride or come here as best we could! Some prank—"

"For which he should be well whipped!" said Ariana. "You spoil him, Larry."

"Oh, come—he's not so bad," said Larry. "A wild boy, fresh from Ireland—you mustn't expect too much of him!"

"All aboard!" came the warning cry. At

once Ariana recovered her smile. She turned to Larry.

"I vow I should not have dared to had you not come, Larry!" she said. "I tremble at the rashness of this adventure! But you will be near, to protect me if anything should go wrong?"

"Of course!" said Larry, and gave her his arm.

"Wait a minute!" cried Irving. "Here's Henry's coach—and making better time than it ever has when I rode in it!"

Lickety split, down the hill that led to the river's bank, came the coach, the horses in a lather, the whip cracking. Before it stopped Pat leaped out; laughed as she saw that she was in time. And abruptly Larry freed his arm.

"Pat—where have you been? What does this mean?" he demanded.

Pat laughed as she answered.

"You may not know it," she said, pertly, "but I'm a business man now, and I

had a matter to discuss with Mr. Astor."

Larry would have pressed his questions further, but the warning cry from the boatmen came again.

"We've no time to lose now," he said. "Find a place in one of the boats."

And he turned back again to Ariana, who, to Pat's intense disgust, took his arm and, looking up at him fondly, walked with him to their boat.

But, once they were on the *Clermont,* all petty, personal feelings seemed to sink into insignificance. In the stern stood a grave and dignified man, to whose arm there clung a young girl of great beauty. Larry bowed to them both, and then turned to Pat.

"That is Chancellor Livingston, Pat," said he. "He is one of America's great men. His daughter is with him—and she has, I think, a greater interest than any in Mr. Fulton's success."

Pat was interested at once. She liked and admired Fulton, and it pleased her to see

how attractive a girl was this Miss Livingston.

Now all was ready. One boat had gone back for Delmonico, who, full of excitement, had arrived, almost too late for the start, bearing in his little donkey cart the sandwiches and other refreshments that had been ordered for the guests, and he and young Childs, his assistant, had brought them aboard.

Fulton, who had been below, appeared at last. He looked anxious, but supremely confident; to Chancellor Livingston, who had gone almost beyond his means in financing the enterprise of the man his daughter loved, he spoke cheerfully and hopefully.

"All is well, so far as I can say," he said. "I have examined the machinery—if it does as well as it has during our experiments, we need give ourselves no concern."

"You may think me foolish, Robert," said Miss Livingston, "but I said a prayer for the *Clermont* last night."

He answered only with a squeeze of her arm, but his eyes should have reassured her. He looked at his watch; looked ashore then, and saw that no stragglers were seeking to get aboard.

"Time for the start, Captain!" he said.

"Aye, aye, sir!" The captain raised his trumpet and shouted an order.

All over the deck talk ceased, and men and women, with strained looks, stared about. In the bow sailors worked swiftly at the anchor, pulling it up. The captain went to look down into the engine room.

"All ready, there?" he called.

"All ready!"

Black smoke began now to pour from the stack; there was a hissing of steam. Then came a rumbling sound below, and suddenly a cry broke out all along the deck. The wheels began to turn; the *Clermont* moved!

"We're going! She's moving! Look at the shore—see—we're passing that tree—we're coming near that house!"

Fulton, deeply moved, stood still. He raised his hand once in a great gesture of thanksgiving; then was silent, although his lips were moving.

Only for a moment was he left so. Then the crowd surged about him, cheering, trying to shake his hand, pouring congratulations and praise upon him. But suddenly a tremor shook the vessel; the next moment the wheels began to slow down, until at last they stopped. The engineer came running up, his face white.

"Something's gone wrong with the engine!" he cried.

On all sides the cry was taken up.

"The engine—something wrong with the engine—it won't work, after all—might have known it—never meant to make a ship move this way—"

Terror spread among the guests. Fulton cried out a word of reassurance and ran for the engine room. But all about women were fainting and screaming; Ariana de Puyster,

of course, among them. Pat was as frightened as Ariana, but she did not faint. She made her way to Larry.

"Oh, Larry!" she cried, "if we're all going to die I have a confession to make—"

But Vanderbilt interrupted her. He seized Larry's arm and drew him away.

"Come, Delavan!" he shouted. "We may be able to help Fulton—"

They followed the inventor, and, looking down, saw him busy at the engine. He looked up once, and, seeing Vanderbilt, smiled.

On the deck the panic was passing. The fear of an explosion, that had been responsible for the worst of the fright, was no longer so pressing. And now the jeers, that for a moment had been silenced when the *Clermont* began to move, broke out again.

"I'm afraid this is rather a good joke on Fulton—the presumptuous ass!" said Brevoort.

"Old Astor says his ideas are ridiculous," said Halleck with a laugh.

"Do you know," said Irving, "the thing that sticks in my mind is that this boat did move? It's just as well to remember that. Something may have gone wrong for the moment, but if you ask me, Mr. Fulton has made his point!"

"We're stuck now, Wash!" said Halleck.

"Yes—but let's wait a bit before we make sure that Fulton's beaten," Irving rejoined. "That man has an awfully Scotch jaw. If I were the gambler Henry here is, I'd like to bet a few thousand on him now."

"You could get good odds, Wash," said Brevoort.

Meanwhile Larry and Vanderbilt, having found that they could do nothing to help Fulton, had returned to the deck; Vanderbilt to move about and try to restore order, Larry to see to Ariana. Pat tried to cling to him and speak to him, but he shook her

off impatiently, and she had to be content with following him.

Ariana lay still where she had fallen. Betty and Mr. Schuyler, with every manifestation of concern, were trying to revive her, and Larry, when he saw her, cried out and dropped to one knee beside her.

"Ariana!" he said. "Can't you speak to me—?"

But she lay still, her eyes closed. Larry was frightened. But Pat, bending low, stood up abruptly.

"Sure, 'tis wasting your sympathy you are!" she said. "She's no more unconscious than I am!"

"Pat!" cried Larry, furiously. "You go too far—"

He stopped. For Ariana had opened her eyes, and the angry look they held showed that she had heard what Pat had said. Betty smothered a laugh; Pat rather had the honors of the moment as they helped the indignant Ariana to rise.

Now Larry, looking along the deck, saw Fulton, covered with grime and grease from the engine, coming aft. Vanderbilt hurried to join him, and Larry followed.

"Well—?" said Vanderbilt.

"All right—some one had made a mistake," said Fulton. He looked tense. "Cornelius—it's this time or never, though, now!"

He gave an order. Once more the smoke belched out; once more the wheels began to move. And this time nothing occurred to impede her progress. She moved on, in stately fashion, the foam streaming behind the churning wheels. And from those who had so lately been ready to mock Fulton and rejoice in his disappointment, there burst a very storm of cheers.

Fulton smiled happily as he received the renewed congratulations of his guests. He had no illusions; he knew very well how they had greeted the seeming disaster of a few minutes before. But his was a great nature,

and, moreover, he could afford to be generous. He had won; his fame and fortune were secure.

Vanderbilt was, except for Fulton, the happiest man on the ship. He had, if anything, a larger vision even than Fulton. He saw more, much more, than the conquest of the waters by this new engine. He looked at the river bank now, and spoke to Larry.

"Delavan," he said, "some day I shall build a railway from New York to Albany along this river. We think this vessel means the supremacy of water travel. It does not. I can foresee, even now, the time when this river will be used only to carry heavy freight that can be moved slowly."

"I'm ready to believe anything to-day!" said Larry. But he looked uneasily from Vanderbilt to Schuyler as he spoke, and Pat, still following him, marked his look.

Schuyler came over to join Larry and Vanderbilt. He was amazed, and made no effort to hide his surprise.

"God bless my soul—he's done it!" he said. "Vanderbilt, I give you best! I think I have missed the greatest opportunity of my life. To think that I might have had an interest in this enterprise had I had but a little more faith—"

"I was always certain of success," said Vanderbilt, quietly. "A man like Robert Fulton is born to succeed."

"Look!" said Schuyler suddenly, pointing to the bow.

Coming upstream was a small sailing vessel—one of the sloops that plied between the city and Haverstraw, whence came the bricks of which most of the houses in New York were built.

So old and new met for the first time on that historic river. There was cheering on the *Clermont;* on the sloop there was nothing but consternation. The crew of three men could be plainly seen, gasping at the amazing sight of the speeding steamboat; a dog barked madly. And suddenly one of the

men, losing his nerve completely, leaped overboard and began to swim to shore.

"Ah, well," said Schuyler, laughing, "he's no greater fool than I was!"

"Don't say that, Mr. Schuyler," said Fulton, coming up just then. "After all, I shall always remember with gratitude that it was you who lent us the last ten thousand dollars, without which we could never have finished the *Clermont.*"

"I deserve no credit for that," said Schuyler. "I lent it on Larry Delavan's note—although it's true, of course, that your patents and your vessel represented additional security."

"Well, I think you see that you took no great risk," said Vanderbilt.

"I do see that," said Schuyler ruefully. "I tell you frankly that nothing would please me more than to have Larry fail to pay his note."

Vanderbilt laughed. He turned to Larry and slapped him on the back.

"I'm afraid we shall have to disappoint Mr. Schuyler on that score, eh, Delavan?" he said.

"I—" Larry hesitated. And just then, as if to cap the climax, Fulton came up, flushed with his triumph. But as he saw Larry's confusion, the sudden lighting up of Schuyler's face, and the growing concern in Vanderbilt's, he grew pale.

"I'm afraid—" said Larry. "Mr. Schuyler—I fear I must ask you to renew my note for thirty days."

For a minute a dead silence reigned. Vanderbilt fell back, stupefied; Fulton's eyes were on Schuyler. The banker's whole demeanor changed. His geniality of a moment before fell away; he looked coldly professional.

"That will be impossible, I am afraid," he said. "You must see my position, gentlemen! I am sorry—but I owe something to my associates in the bank. And it would not be good business now to stretch a point in

your favor. I made a loan upon doubtful security—if, now, the security turns out to be better than I hoped, the bank is entitled to any advantage the situation holds for it."

"You mean—you will refuse to do me this favor?" said Larry. "Why—I have known you—been your neighbor—all my life! My father and you were friends—"

"You make it hard for me to do my duty," said Schuyler. "But business is business, the wide world over, Larry. I am sure these gentlemen understand."

"I do!" said Vanderbilt, bitterly. "I warned you, Delavan! My God—if you had only told me sooner I might have raised the money—I counted utterly upon you and your promise!"

Larry turned away and went to the rail. He was too miserable to face them longer. And now Pat followed him. She seized his arm and shook it.

"Larry!" she cried. "You're not going

to let that old latherskit banker rob Mr. Fulton?"

Larry turned to her.

"I can't help myself, Pat," he said. "I guess this is the end of Larry Delavan."

Sheer rage held Pat a moment in its grip. Then, as she saw Larry's utter misery, she softened.

"Sure, the Delavans may be helpless," she said, "but keep your eyes on the O'Days!"

She left him swiftly then and went back to the little group of Schuyler, Vanderbilt and Fulton. They had been pleading with him for grace, promising to make good Larry's note. And he was standing firm.

"No," Pat heard him say. "No, gentlemen, I'm sorry. But our agreement is plain. Delavan was to meet his note by five o'clock to-day. If he defaults, I must protect myself and the bank by taking possession of your patents and your boat."

And he shrugged his shoulders.

"But, Mr. Schuyler!" said Pat, suddenly. "Supposin' I were to guarantee Mr. Delavan's note?"

Vanderbilt and Fulton drew back, amazed at this interruption. Schuyler stared. Then he laughed.

"How could a little boy like you guarantee any such sum as ten thousand dollars?" he asked.

"Sure, and the estate that'll be mine is worth much more than that!"

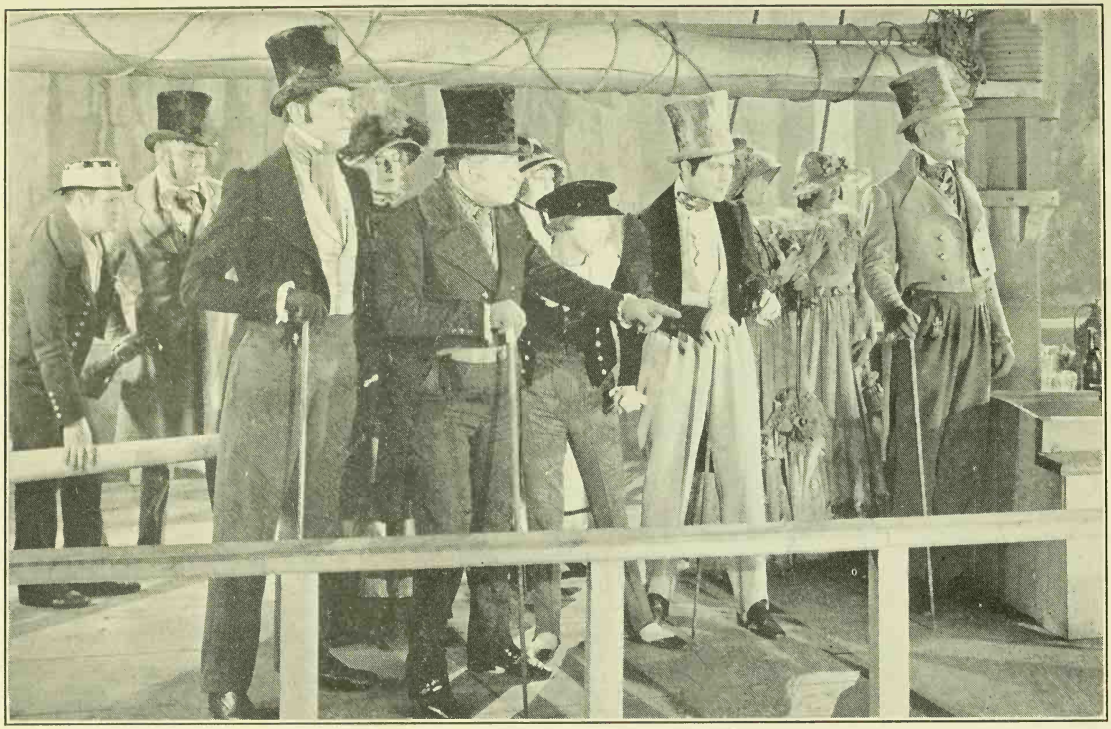
"But you do not control it—and will not, for years. No—"

"Well, then, but wait," said Pat. "Sure, I know it's only money itself can talk to the likes of you! Just be listenin' to that a moment!"

And she thrust toward him the draft that she had had from Astor.

"What's this?" said Schuyler, looking at it, dumbfounded.

"It's a draft of Mr. John Jacob Astor's



*Cosmopolitan Photoplay.* *Little Old New York*

ON BOARD THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON ITS TRIAL TRIP UP THE HUDSON.

for ten thousand dollars of my own money! And I'm thinkin' it will be keepin' the *Clermont* in the proper hands!"

Schuyler could only stare and mumble. Vanderbilt and Fulton were as speechless in their relief and joy as they had been, five minutes earlier, in their consternation. But now Larry, who had followed Pat and overheard the amazing conversation, took a hand.

"Mr. Schuyler," he said, in a voice that had all at once recovered its firmness and assurance, "I do not wish you to take this boy's money—at least, as yet. If you will give me only five days of grace I can pay the note myself."

Schuyler hesitated. Pat's intervention had beaten him; he could not get hold of the *Clermont* now. His mind worked swiftly. Fulton and Vanderbilt were going to be big men, in spite of him; better to try to snatch any remnants of their regard and respect that he had not already lost!

"This alters the whole situation, gentlemen," he said, with all his accustomed suavity. "I need hardly tell you how rejoiced I am that it is so—that you will not lose the reward your labors have so richly earned. I shall, of course, be only too glad to extend the accommodation of a five day delay to my dear friend, Larry Delavan."

"Does all that blarney mean he'll do it?" asked Pat.

"It does, God bless you, Pat!" said Vanderbilt, laughing.

"Well, then—I'm not so certain I'd not like to be after ownin' the *Clermont* meself, but I'll withdraw in Mr. Delavan's favor if must be!"

Larry's arm went about Pat as he took the draft that Schuyler had handed to him and gave it back to her.

"Keep your money, Pat," he said. "God bless you, indeed—I don't know how you managed it, but you've put me and all of us eternally in your debt! Keep the money,

though—it will do Schuyler no good now!"

Pat laughed. She looked extremely demure as she put the draft back into her pocket.

"Is it do him any good?" she said. "Sure, and 'twould never have done him any good. 'Tis but a draft that Mr. Astor gave me to pay for some land he's been after buyin' for me!"

It was Vanderbilt who realized first how this boy had fooled and bluffed one of the shrewdest and keenest men of business and affairs in the whole country. His great laugh rang out.

"Gad, Delavan—it's he should be the guardian and you the ward," he cried. "Given a few years and we'll all have to watch out for him! Well done, Pat!"

"We are deeply in your debt indeed, Master Pat," said Fulton. He took his snuff box from his pocket; as always in times of stress or emotion he needed its solace. But before he took snuff himself he passed the

box, with grave courtesy, to Pat. She looked at Larry, hoping he would forbid her to accept, on the grounds of her youth. But he only smiled.

"Go ahead, Pat!" he said. "You've played a man's part to-day and you can take snuff or do anything else you please!"

And so the moment of Pat's triumph was spoiled for her! She could not well refuse now, and, gingerly, she took a tiny pinch of snuff and, awkwardly, sniffed. As she sneezed the men all laughed, and laughed again as the tears started in her eyes.

But as she saw the look with which Larry was regarding her, all her anger passed. There was real liking, real respect, too, in his eyes at last.

"You've saved me, little Pat," he said.

But all at once Pat's eyes were anxious again.

"For now!" she said. "But how are you to pay the money in five days?"

## CHAPTER XVI

EXCITED as New York had been that morning, the scenes about Bowling Green had been as nothing to the commotion that greeted the returning guests as they drove and rode up to their homes. Half the population of little old New York must have seen the triumphant progress of the *Clermont* from the river bank; Fulton's triumph was, that evening, the sole topic of conversation. But as Larry and his friends rode up, with Pat driving in state in Brevoort's coach, two figures detached themselves from the group about Larry's gate—perhaps the only people in the city who were more interested in something else than in the *Clermont*.

Bully Boy Brewster and his sister Rachel cared nothing for the epoch-making achievement that had marked the day. Brewster

himself might have been interested, but Rachel was concerned with one thing only —the fight with the Hoboken Terror and her determination that Larry should keep his promise to back her brother.

Larry, in his excitement, and the crowding thoughts that had come to him on the way down concerning his rash agreement to pay Schuyler after five days, did not see Rachel at all at first; when he did she meant no more to him than any of the other curious loiterers, who were anxious to hear first-hand stories of the *Clermont's* already famous trip. But she had no mind to let him reach his house unmolested. She seized his arm as he was about to pass her.

"Well, sir," she said. "You told us to come back this afternoon, and here we are, waiting for you—and a fine long time you've been, I must say! Are you going to back my brother against the Terror?"

Two things checked Larry's impulse to dismiss her at once with a curt negative.

One was the essential kindliness of his nature, which made it disastrously hard for him to say "No" and stick to it, at any time; the other was his amusement at the girl's bold and impudent persistence in her design. He laughed now, and Rachel's eyes gleamed. She knew her man and how to handle him!

"Oh, Henry!" he called to Brevoort. "This is the fellow that wants to fight the Hoboken Terror! What do you think of him?"

He took hold of Brewster's arm, and the fighter, nothing loath, flexed his muscles.

"Oh, I know Brewster," said Brevoort, indifferently. He came close, looking at Brewster with an appraising eye. "None too well trained, I should say."

"Oh, but he's fit!" cried Rachel vehemently. "I've been training him myself, and there's been no fires of nights to keep him out, so he's had his sleep."

Larry laughed as Brevoort allowed himself to be drawn into an argument with

Rachel. And just then Pat touched his arm.

"Don't worry, Pat," he whispered under his hand. "I'm just fooling with them. I won't back Brewster—he's too light to fight the Terror, anyway."

"Who says that?" Brewster's ears were keener than Larry had believed them to be. "Who says I'm too light to fight the Terror? I'd give him ten pounds and a beating any day in the week!"

"Big talk," said Irving. "I like a fighter who lets his fists speak for him."

"A man's got to stand up for himself these days, sir," said Brewster, sullenly. "Ray—you tell them what I did to 'Fighting Bill' Marsh." Then he lowered his voice, in his turn, and grinned: "But don't tell them what Bill did to me!"

Brevoort all this time had been studying Brewster. Now he turned away with an air of finality.

"Why, it's absurd!" he said. "This

man's no more match for the Hoboken Terror than Wash or I would be! If they ever get into a ring together I'll give five to one against Brewster!"

"Five to one!" There was a gasp of surprise. The odds were very great. And Brewster, after all, was a fighter of reputation; he had come off best in many a battle in the old firehouse. It was certain that he could more than hold his own with any man of anything like his weight in New York. "You'd bet a hundred, I suppose?" said Larry, rather indignantly.

"Anything you please—up to ten thousand against two!" said Brevoort, indifferently.

The old light gleamed again in Larry's eyes. Ten thousand dollars—against two! The very sum he needed. He could scrape together the two thousand or collateral as good as the money. And ten thousand dollars—if he won! Of what use was the two thousand to him in his desperate condition?

Why—here was a chance to recoup some, at least, of his losses; to meet his obligation to Fulton; to start anew, with something like a clean slate!

Pat read his thoughts. She was desperate now. But she could do nothing. She had to stand by helpless, tears of despair and anger in her eyes, while Larry told the Brewsters he would back the Bully Boy if he would fight the Terror that night; while he closed the wager with Brevoort—who, to do him justice, made a protest.

"Larry, Larry!" he said. "Don't do it! I said I'd bet— and I must, if you hold me to it! But I swear I meant—I only said it to show you how hopeless I thought it was to think of backing Brewster! He has no chance against the Terror!"

"Enough of that," said Larry curtly. "Brewster—I count on you to do your best."

"He will, your worship — leave that to me!" cried Rachel. Triumph transfigured her; she tugged at her brother's arm. "Come

on, you!" she called. "There's much to do if the fight's to be to-night, after all!"

Brevoort looked distressed and worried. Halleck was amused; Irving, as always, interested. The things that people did intrigued Irving; filled him with wonder—and with a great determination to understand them and their motives. It seemed to him a small thing that Larry should have gambled himself into virtual bankruptcy; a trifling thing that he stood now to lose what scraps might otherwise have been saved from the ruin of his fortunes. But it was a great thing, in his sight, that Larry should meet disaster so; should be ready, after all the buffets fate had dealt him, to tilt with her again.

Halleck, grown business-like in his association with Astor, was the one who remembered that there were things to be done.

"We'd better go over to the fire house and see to the arrangements for the fight," he said. "I'll bet no money, but for the honor

of little old New York I want Brewster to have all the chance he can!"

"Right!" said Brevoort. His conscience had troubled him, but he shook off that feeling swiftly now. After all, he had done what he could; if Larry Delavan chose to make a fool of himself no one had the right to stop him. And it was a sort of folly for which Brevoort, naturally enough, had a great deal of sympathy.

So they went off, and Pat, ignored, abandoned, was left behind. She was half crying when she went into the house, and Reilley regarded her with a stern disapproval.

"He—he—he's g-gone off to g-get ready for a silly pr-prize fight!" she said. "Oh, Reilley—he's bettin' the last penny he has to his name in all the world!"

"Sure, and 'tis his money," said Reilley. "Stop bein' such a cry-baby, boy! Boys of your age should laugh at fightin', not cry at the thought of it!"

"It's not the fightin'—but he's bettin' on a wind bag, not a fighter that would have a chance to win for him!"

Reilley laughed at her.

"Sure, what do the likes of you know about fightin'?" he asked. And he pointed slyly and mischievously toward the gate, where some of the same urchins who, once before, had brought humiliation and disaster to Pat, were lurking. As they saw her turn to look at them they recognized her and began to jeer. In Pat's cheeks the angry color rose. She turned to Reilley.

"You want to know what I know about fightin', do you?" she asked.

And, without waiting for an answer, she dashed for the gate. Reilley, amazed, stood still, looking after. Pat fell upon the urchins like a hurricane. This was a far different fight from the first one. She took her tormentors completely by surprise; she scratched and bit and kicked; she fought according to no rules, and her one thought

was to strike and hurt, no matter by what means.

Half laughing, half in real fear, they broke and scattered, flying before her down the street. And she gave chase, stopping at every step to stoop and pick up mud to throw after them. The exhilaration of battle was in her; she could have fought any one or anything just then!

Just in front of the Schuyler house Pat stooped to gather a last handful of mud. Most of her enemies were out of range now; one, jeering and taunting, had stopped well out of range, as he believed. And just then Mistress Ariana de Puyster, followed by her maid, came tripping down the walk. She threw up her hands in horror as she saw Pat.

"Oh, I vow—this is too much!" she said. "If Larry will not chastise that dreadful boy, the watch must do it!"

Scarcely a second did Pat hesitate. Her true enemy, the creature she hated worst of

any in the world, stood before her; her hot hand enclosed soft, trickling mud. She drew back her arm and sent her missile with a deadly aim. As it struck its target and scattered Pat shrieked in mad delight; waited long enough to see the look of horrified amazement that Ariana gave her, and then, laughing hysterically, ran home.

Reilley had seen the whole episode from beginning to end. He tried to look stern, but that was more than he could do; he hated Ariana as much as Pat did, knowing her for one of those who think that the proper way to treat servants is with scorn and contempt. Indeed, he had had all he could do to keep from echoing Pat's ribald laughter as he saw Ariana's maid trying to help her mistress to remove the mud from face and neck.

"Do I know anything about fighting?" asked Pat impudently, as she came up to him.

"Faith, and you do that!" said Reilley. "I should be scoldin' you—but I'm thinkin'

there'll be enough of that to last you later on!"

"Do you want to scold me?" asked Pat.

"That I do not!" said Reilley, giving up all efforts at propriety.

"Then—would you do somethin' for me?"

"Maybe—if I could."

"Get me into the fire house to-night—"

"Eh, boy—it can't be done! 'Tis clear against the rules to let a boy be in there durin' the fight."

"Ah, but sure, an' you could do it—'twould be easy for you, Reilley."

He shook his head.

"But 'tis only a smart, clever man like yourself I'd ever be dreamin' of askin' to do me such a favor."

"Away with your blarney—don't you be forgettin' I'm as Irish as yourself!"

"No, but I mean it, Reilley. You are clever—much too clever to be a servant. I know why you are—'tis because you love Mr. Larry, and wouldn't be leavin' him

alone to get on as best he could without you."

"You have much knowledge in that small head of yours, haven't you? But you cannot be tellin' me how I could be after smugglin' you into the fire house to-night—for there's no way—"

"Sure, then, and you can make one up! You'll be doin' that for Pat—you know you will!"

Reilley was weakening—as who would not under such blandishments as Pat's.

"But even if I were to get you in, you'd never be allowed to stay—"

"Leave that to me! If I'm once in I'll find a way to stay, never fear!"

"Well," said Reilley, "I'll be tryin' to do what I can, then."

## CHAPTER XVII

Dusk had fallen, but the twilight gave way only to the even brighter light of a moon that was nearly full. Pat, clinging to Reilley's hand, looked about her with eager interest, as they made their way toward the fire house.

The news of the fight had come as a fitting climax to the great day. Already a great crowd surged about the locked doors of the fire house. Some gentlemen, early arrivals, were there, but the bulk of the crowd was made up of the rougher element. Many of these had come from the neighborhood, but even more had crossed the river from New Jersey in the wake of their idol, the formidable Hoboken Terror.

Reilley shook his head.

" 'Tis a rough crowd," he said. "There'll be more heads broken to-night than those of the two men in the ring. Please God it'll not come to a riot!"

"Why should that be?" asked Pat.

"Well, look you, Pat," said Reilley. "Here's the two fighters and their friends. They'll fight—and their friends must bet upon them, if only to show their friendship, do you see? And one must lose—and so must his friends. And when men of this sort lose their money they turn ugly, look you, and seek to get its worth some other way. And so they fight, in the hope that that will serve their turn somehow."

"Then they are stupid loons!" said Pat.

"Maybe—maybe," said Reilley, with a sigh. "But I mind me when I was your age I wasn't thinkin' so! Then a fight was a fight, and who so blithe as Reilley to be in the thick and midst of it!"

"I've no patience with such doings," said Pat crossly. "I fight as readily as any one

when there is need, but not when there is none."

"Ah, well," said Reilley, "times change and boys change with them! 'Twas not so in my day—that's all I know. Whist—careful, now—we're near the door I know of, in the back. Let me go first, soft like, and be sure that Mr. Larry's not here yet."

"Where would he be if he's not here?"

"Why, with his fighter, sure, givin' him his instructions, and seein' to it that he's fit and ready to do battle."

"Does Bully Boy Brewster need Larry's instructions?"

"Boy, do you know nothin' that boys know? Sure, 'tis the gentry always stands behind the fighters—prime them for the ring—advise them! What would ignorant gossoons like this Brewster know of how to stand up and conduct themselves did no one tell them how?"

Already there was a sullen, sinister note in the deep voice of the gathering crowd.

Sentiment had not yet risen to a great pitch, but the more solid citizens of old New York were beginning to doubt the advisability of permitting fights like this within the corporate limits. Astor, for one, was dead against them.

"Let them go out into the country, up Greenwich way, or Chelsea, if they must fight!" he said. "There they do no harm when they riot later. Here they keep sober citizens, who'd be getting a night's sleep to refresh them for the next day's work, awake—they destroy property, and do all manner of mischief."

Pat trembled faintly as she waited alone, while Reilley slipped in through a back door, known only to a few. She was afraid of this crowd; afraid of the tremendous forces it represented, held in check by so slender a bond of authority. And, somehow, as she listened to it, her purpose in coming grew to seem more and more difficult, if not impossible, of attainment.

This many-headed beast of a crowd that she heard snarling had scented its prey, and was waiting, hungrily. It would not be balked. It must have its way—and woe betide whoever stood in that way!

"Pss-t! Pat! Quick now—and still—"

Reilley's voice checked her meditations. Swiftly she obeyed his call; found herself a moment later inside the fire house. She looked about her at once, with the swift interest she always took in anything new.

She had another view now of the wide doors on the opposite side, against which she had seen the crowd surging and beating in its effort to get inside. In the center of the great room was the ring, a platform raised about six feet from the floor, with ropes strung all about it and steps leading up to it.

At one end of the room she saw a door, and within it the beginning of a circular stairway. That must lead, she guessed, to

the tower in which was hung the great bell she had heard sounded a score of times or more since she had come—the bell that gave warning to all New York that fire had broken out.

This fire house was a great meeting place, as Pat knew. The firemen were all volunteers, and the house was, for them, much like a club. Only two or three of them, chosen in rotation, slept in the house at night; enough to start the wagons and the hose reels out, while the rest of the company, at the sound of the alarm bell, would come swiftly as possible from their homes.

Pat liked the looks of the helmets and uniform coats, hung neatly on hooks on the wall at one side of the room. The whole place was neat and clean. But the sight of Rachel Brewster soon turned her thoughts into less pleasant channels.

Rachel was in her glory, making ready for the crowd. She had set up both a bar and a refreshment booth, and to this latter Del-

monico, who, what with his restaurant and his task of catering for the trial trip of the *Clermont,* had had the busiest day of his career, had just brought a great basket full of sandwiches.

"You're late, you tricky Eyetalian, you," said Rachel.

"I cannot help!" said Delmonico, with many gestures. "My beautiful restaurant is full of fine gentlemen!"

Rachel shrugged her shoulders and busied herself counting the sandwiches. But old Bunny, the night watchman, half the night police force of the city, indeed, grunted.

"These new-fangled notions will be the ruin of New York!" he said. "Time was when a man's house was good enough for him to eat in, without wastin' his money in restaurants!"

Delmonico smiled ingratiatingly.

"The times change, signor!" he said. "Last night I had ten customers for fried oysters! What do you think of that?"

"All right—all right!" said Rachel. "How much, Delmonico?"

Delmonico hesitated as he looked back and forth from the great pile of sandwiches to Rachel.

"Would fifty cents be too much?" he said, deprecatingly.

"Fifty cents!" shrieked Rachel. "You robber! Where am I to make a profit if you take it all?"

"You do not know!" said Delmonico. "It is terrible—the way the price of food goes up and up! I work all day and make nothing!"

"Oh, take it and go!" said Rachel.

Bunny listened to the din at the door; turned to Rachel then, with rather an anxious look:

"I hope you won't let them Butcher Hiller's toughs get to much rum, Rachel, or they'll go rampagin' down Broadway, smashin' lanterns and the like all night long!"

"Spare yourself worry, Bunny," she said. "The bar is for the bloods. There'll be plenty of them here now that Mr. Delavan's backing my brother. Beer's good enough for the others—and I promise you it'll not be too strong for their heads!"

Pat and Reilley wandered about during this colloquy. Once Pat stopped and looked at the bulletin board; her eyes clung, in a dreadful fascination, to the poster that proclaimed the city's standing reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of any thief.

"Faith, I don't know where to be hidin' you!" said Reilley. "They'll be openin' the doors next, and then it will be too late!"

And, as if to point what he had said, Bunny turned to Rachel.

"Maybe I'd better be letting them in, Rachel. There's heavy bettin' on the fight —and most of it on the Terror, from what I hear. They sound as if they wouldn't wait much longer."

"Small wonder there's heavy betting on the Terror," said Rachel. "Why wouldn't they be ready to back him with that Brevoort crying such odds against my brother? But he'll show them!"

"Will I open, then?"

"Wait—I'll just run over to the house and see if Mr. Delavan and my brother are ready yet. They'll be patient that much longer."

She turned toward the back door and started as she saw Reilley and Pat. She hated Pat, having seen that she had tried to stand in her way with Larry.

"What do you want here?" she said, aggressively.

"To see Mr. Delavan—where is he?" said Reilley.

Rachel swallowed her anger.

"At our house," she said. "I'll tell him you're here."

But Bunny proved to be an obstacle less easily surmounted. As he spied Pat he came toward them.

"You can't bring that lad in here," he said to Reilley. "It's against the law to allow minors at a fight."

"We're only waiting to see Mr. Delavan," said Reilley.

"Why couldn't you say so at once?" grumbled Bunny. "All right—stay till he comes. But the boy must go then or I'll arrest him."

But just then the tumult at the doors was redoubled. Bunny started anxiously and ran toward them. But before he could reach them they gave way under the pressure of the mob, and the crowd came pouring in. None heeded Bunny's puny efforts to drive it back, and he was swept down before it. Reilley and Pat were swallowed up and forced apart.

Pat was half glad once her first fright was over, to be free. But her joy was short lived, for Bunny spied her and, glad of a chance to assert his authority over some one who must heed him, ordered her out. She

tried, without much confidence, to face him down; at once the crowd swarmed about the rallying point thus provided. Reilley came up and joined her again.

"Sure, and 'tis no use, Pat—you must go," he whispered.

"Good old Bunny—put the boy out—put him out—no place for boys!" The crowd took up the cry. But suddenly Pat turned and, wriggling free from the grasp of Reilley's hand upon her arm, dodging under Bunny's arm, that was put out to stop her, got clear and faced the crowd.

"You men!" she cried. "Is there one Irishman here?"

There was a delighted shriek of assent—for five men in every six there were Irish. Pat looked about; she had gained a moment, at least. Now she spied the steps leading to the ring, and mounted them, still facing the crowd.

"If you'll let me stay," she cried, "I'll sing you a song such as you haven't heard

since you left the old country. What'll you have?"

"Dance a jig! No—sing a song! A jig—a jig—Rory O'Moore—dance and sing both—"

Pat reached the ring itself. Below a man with an accordion began to play the familiar tune of Rory O'Moore. She was triumphant now, for she knew the crowd was with her, and that, law or no law, Bunny dared not interfere again.

But abruptly, as she sang, she saw a stir in the outer edges of the crowd. Her step faltered; her voice grew weak. It was Larry she saw coming, followed by Brevoort and Irving and other friends, clearing the way for Brewster and the Terror, who followed close behind.

Larry sprang up into the ring beside her. He was angrier than she had ever seen him.

"What does this mean?" he said. "Pat—I am ashamed of you—making a spectacle of yourself here! Go home at once!"

"I—I'll go—but—oh, Larry—please—won't you come, too? It's not too late—stop now, before you lose the little you have left!"

Larry tried to control himself.

"I owe you a great deal for what you did to-day, Pat," he said. "Don't anger me to the point of saying things I shall regret. Go home at once. I want no more talk or argument."

Pat's brief sway over the crowd was ended. The sight of the fighters made it give tongue again like a wild beast; it wanted the fight now, nothing else. Pat, solitary, ashamed, had to stumble down the steps, to be met by Reilley, who waited there. The crowd laughed and jeered a little, but it had no time for Pat now. The moment of boys was over; this was men's work that was toward.

"I warned you how it would be," said Reilley crossly. "Now I'm in Mr. Larry's black looks because of you, and you none

the better for it either! Come on home with you and no more nonsense!"

"Reilley—did you see the Terror?" said Pat.

"Sure and I did. And it's the fine boy he is!"

"But, Reilley—he's not like a man at all, with the great hairy chest of him, and those arms! He's like a great monkey I saw a picture of once in a book! Sure, and no man could stand and fight against him —he'd be killed!"

"All that's but your squeamishness, lad. Brewster'll fight him and fight him hard. He'll be beaten, maybe, but he'll live to fight many another day!"

Reilley turned reluctantly away from the ring. He loved a fight; he was eager to see this one. Once more he looked back; was fascinated by the sight of the Terror, who was standing and facing in all directions to return the greetings of his backers.

A moment later Reilley looked for Pat—

and found her gone! For a moment he was startled. Then he realized what must have happened. They were hard by the open door; Pat had run on. But he followed, calling, just to make sure.

## CHAPTER XVIII

WITHIN the fire house now something like order began to appear. Only one thing could hold that crowd in leash, even for a time—the prospect of the fight it had come to see. Some were still storming the bar, but gradually the shouts and cries of those near the ring, as the fighters posed and postured, won the attention of even the thirstiest from the wares that Rachel was dispensing.

There were ovations for each of the fighters; Brewster was cheered almost as loudly as the Terror himself. And why not? The bookmakers had been busy; always willing, when the odds were long enough, to oblige those who wished to back a favorite, they had laid much money against the Terror—

standing to win five dollars or more for every one they undertook to pay out should the Terror be the victor. They had no hope of winning, but they knew, too, that a fight like this was one of the things they must expect. Every bookmaker must be prepared at times to lose some money—and does so cheerfully, for he is well aware that he is only casting bread upon the waters when he does so, and that his own will come back to him, and have grown in stature during its absence.

Hence Brewster had the cheers of the Terror's backers, for it was to his willingness to engage in a hopeless venture that they owed this chance to take advantage of the layers of odds for once.

Even Larry looked nervous as he saw the two men, stripped of their cloaks, stand side by side. The Terror, who rejoiced at home, if he had one, in the incongruous name of Percival Sweet, presented a monstrous appearance. His chest was completely covered with hair. He had long, flail-like arms, end-

ing in hands like hams. His legs were short; his body above the waist was enormous. And he possessed a natural ferocity of expression startling and repellent to the eye.

Here plainly was a man so low in the human order as to be just above the beasts. He would fight like some ape of the jungles. Skill he might lack, and science, as many said—but what need had he of such aids to his thews and sinews? He could see the man before him; he could drive home his blows, falling with the force that is behind a sledge hammer. And no more had ever been needed to bring him victory. His very garments, such as they were, spoke of his fighting trade.

He wore trunks that had once, perhaps, been white, but were now of a dingy gray, save where they were streaked with rusty marks.

"That's blood on his trunks!" said one of the spectators in an awed voice.

"Whose? His'n?"

"Naw. From them he's half murdered in the ring."

Brewster, in contrast, presented a figure neat, almost attractive. Not bad looking, he was rather stupid and loutish in appearance, and yet, beside the Terror, he had the look of a man of intellect. His trunks were newly made of sateen, and quite spotless; his white socks fairly gleamed. His flesh was white; no great knots of muscle stood out on his arms and legs as on the Terror's.

He bowed and smiled in answer to the cheers; shook hands contemptuously with his rival at the referee's order, and then lightly back to his corner, while the Terror lumbered to his with steps that shook the solid structure of the ring.

Irving, for he had been asked, and had consented to act as referee, now gave both men their final instructions. Halleck and Larry were in Brewster's corner as his seconds; the Terror was supported by friends

of his own kidney, villainous and brutal in aspect.

"Are you ready, men?" called Irving. "Go, and may the best man win!"

The fighters advanced from their corners, their eyes upon one another. The Terror crouched low; he made strange, animal-like noises as he moved. Brewster danced about before him; stepped aside and easily evaded the first blow the Terror launched, and then skillfully shot his first to the side of the Terror's head.

It was a hard blow, shrewdly placed; the crowd roared, first in approval, then in amazement. The Terror's backers had been frightened for a moment; that blow was one that would have sent most fighters reeling to the floor. Brewster himself plainly expected some such outcome, for he did not follow it up, but stood, instead, smiling, and half turning his head to watch the crowd that was cheering him.

But to the Terror, plainly, such a blow

was no more than a slap. He shook his head once and continued his advance. Indeed, before Brewster could recover his poise, the Terror's left shot out and the pride of Manhattan went down.

Then, indeed, Bedlam broke loose. Irving could be seen above the prostrate Brewster, his hand rising and falling as he counted. But, though some of the crowd thought Brewster was out, the fight was not to end so soon. Brewster struggled to his feet before the count of ten was finished and Irving waved the Terror to his corner—for these were the days when a knockdown still ended a round.

"He hit me when I wasn't looking!" Brewster gasped as Larry and Halleck dragged him to his corner.

"It's your business to be looking," said Larry curtly. "Come, my man—you must do better than that! Not too much water there, Fitz—bad for his wind!"

"It's something for his heart he needs,

if you ask me," murmured Halleck.

"Time!" called Irving from the center of the ring.

Brewster was more careful now. He was far lighter on his feet than the Terror; he moved about the ring with far more agility than the other had at his command. And for the time it seemed that Brewster's objective was to keep out of the range of his enemy's terrible fists, seizing an opportunity whenever it occurred to send home a blow on his own account.

But there was no steam in Brewster's punches; against some opponents such blows as he danced in to deliver might have served him well, but they made no impression upon the Terror. He laughed once and shook his head lightly when one of Brewster's taps went straight to the point of his chin. But he had not really felt a blow yet, and it was becoming more and more evident as time went on that Brewster was hopelessly outclassed.

His real skill in footwork and the alertness with which he maintained his guard against the Terror's wild attempts to drive home a telling blow prolonged the fight from round to round, but only prejudice and partisanship of the most intense sort could foster any doubt as to the final outcome.

Brewster's plan was plain enough and the right one, too, for him to follow. He was trying to wear his man down; tire him by keeping him continually on the run in an effort to catch him. He hoped that his superior condition and better wind—for the Terror's breathing was fast at times—would enable him to hang on until the other was exhausted. Then—ah, then he would strike home—he would show these fools who were betting five to one against him what a mistake they had made.

No one could properly accuse Brewster of lacking courage. Afraid he was; afraid of those terrible fists, of the brutal, unearthly strength of the appalling creature

who was opposed to him. But not to be afraid of the Hoboken Terror as he looked that night would have required a man of no brains at all. And it took bravery, of a sort at least, to overcome the fear the Terror inspired and stay to face his bull-like rushes, the tremendous swinging blows he delivered at random.

More than once Brewster, try as he would, was caught; twice he went down and staggered to his feet just in time to escape being counted out.

He was really putting up a masterly defensive fight. But the crowd was like all crowds; it hated and despised such tactics, and there began now to be loud cries to the Terror.

"Finish him—go in and catch him—one to the jaw and you've got him! What is this—a dancing show or a glove fight? Finish him off—we want to get our money and go home!"

In Larry all hope was nearly dead. He

could see now how utterly his man was outmatched and outclassed. Brewster was a good, ordinary fighter, entirely capable of beating nearly all of those he was likely to meet. But in the Terror he faced one of those prodigies of the ring who appear perhaps once in a generation; survivors of some primeval race of battlers.

And Larry could see, moreover, how the jeers of the crowd were affecting Brewster. Soon he would lose his head; give up the tactics that alone had prolonged the fight thus far and lay himself open to the full force of one of the Terror's blows. And that would be the end.

Once more Brewster was knocked down; once more recovered just enough, and just in time, to earn the right to rest and fight again in the next round. Halleck was out of all patience with him; less accustomed to the ring and its ways than either Larry or Brevoort, he thought Brewster was showing the white feather.

"Don't quit, man!" he said. "Be a man —show some pluck! Don't you know that Mr. Delavan has bet every penny he has in the world on you? Go out and fight next time—"

"He's doing the best he can, Fitz," said Larry. "I know that, Brewster. Mr. Halleck doesn't understand."

"It's—it's all right—" said Brewster. He was a dreadful sight by now. While none of the Terror's worst blows had reached him, he had still been badly punished. Half his teeth were gone; he was bleeding at the nose and mouth; one ear was torn. A punch in the stomach was still troubling him; he was like a swimmer taken with a cramp. "I—I'll get him yet—wearing him down—my time's coming—"

"That's the right spirit, my lad!" said Larry. "Win or lose—never say die!"

But now, as Larry had feared, the level head that Brewster thus far had managed to keep, began to be shaken. His ordeal was

terrific. He had to face the constant menace of the crouching, snarling Terror; he had to hear the crowd, crying for his finish, mocking him as a coward, taunting him, hurling every sort of vile epithet at him for doing what he knew was the right and only thing for him to do.

He was human—and indeed a wiser man than Brewster could well have been, might have been forgiven for beginning at last to yield to the clamor of the crowd. He began to show more daring; to expose himself more and more to the constant blows that the Terror rained in his direction. For him there was no difficulty in penetrating the Terror's guard and driving home his own blows. The danger lay in his inability once he had succeeded in hitting the other to get away without being hit himself.

Yet now he took that chance, again and again. The crowd roared its approval—this was beginning to be a fight after all and not a race or a dancing match. But, try

as he would, Brewster could not shake the complacency of his terrible foe. His hardest blows, blows with which he had stretched many a good man senseless in this very ring, affected the Terror no more than the blows of a switch would affect a rhinoceros. Once, to show his supreme disdain of his rival, he dropped his arms and let Brewster rain blows upon him at will. And in his own time he swung and fairly lifted Brewster into his own corner, knocking Halleck half way through the ropes as he landed.

The end of the round saved Brewster once more. But all could see now that the end was in sight. And when the next round began there was a new ferocity about the Terror; a new sort of grim determination in his narrow, piglike eyes.

"He's going to finish him this time!" yelled one of the Terror's henchmen, and the amiable Percival looked about and nodded confirmation.

Brewster reverted to his old tactics. But

he was nearer to exhaustion now than the man he had set out to tire. And the Terror pursued him relentlessly, until at last he cornered him. He raised his hand. And when he was about to drive home the last fierce blow, a sudden wild pealing of the bell above it made the crowd rise and stare.

The Terror stayed his hand, puzzled and frightened. And the bell kept up its clamor; its brazen tongue roared out the dread message of "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

## CHAPTER XIX

ALL about the ring men started to their feet in wonder and alarm. Fire! That bell had no other meaning. Some there were who did not care; who cried to the Terror to go on about his bloody business and make an end of it. But everywhere among the crowd were firemen, men who rose as instinctively to the call of that tocsin as they raised their hands to ward off a blow. And among them too were those whose homes lay within sight of the house; none knew but that it was his home that burned.

Only a leader was needed in that moment. And suddenly Brewster, ignoring the Terror, who waited, his slow, dull wits adjusting themselves with difficulty to this new situation, put his hand to his mouth and

*Cosmopolitan Photoplay.* *Little Old New York*

"PAT" CONFESSES TO RINGING THE FIRE BELL AND BREAKING UP THE FIGHT.

shouted. His voice rang out over all the din; even over the clamorous, pealing bell.

"Fire!" he shouted. "Fire—follow me!"

And before the Terror realized what was happening, Brewster leaped the ropes and led the assault upon the hooks where coats and fire helmets hung.

Here and there in the crowd some saw a light—or thought they did.

"Fake! Fake!" one cried. "He had the bell rung to save himself! Make him go back and fight!"

But the firemen, with Brewster at their head, formed a veritable phalanx now. They knew their minds and what they meant to do. And those who would have opposed them were of as many minds as there were men in the room. The firemen swept through irresistibly to the door; in a moment they were out, and dragging engine and hose cart off.

"There—I see the glare!" cried one. And they rushed to the north, where, indeed, the

sky was reddened by the glare of a great fire.

But this fire was one of many that had been lighted to help to celebrate the triumph of Robert Fulton and the *Clermont*. So they found when they came close to it. And no one whom they met could tell them where was the true fire that they sought.

Back in the fire house, while the crowd surged about and raged, half in, half out, Larry Delavan was one of the few who kept his head. Suspicious from the first, he satisfied himself by a few questions that none of those regularly authorized to give an alarm of fire by ringing the bell had done so. And then, in a rage, he turned to Rachel Brewster.

"I believe you rang that bell to save your brother!" he cried.

She turned upon him like a vixen.

"Liar!" she cried. "He needed no saving —he'd have won! You know why that bell

sounded—you who were afraid to lose your dirty dollars!"

In the ring Irving, standing alone, made himself heard at last.

"Hear me!" he cried. "As referee, as this fight was ended in disorder, I declare all bets off!"

"There—there's your friend to help you out!" Rachel cried.

Some of the crowd had heard her. The rumor ran like wildfire; in its outskirts the charge against Larry was believed at once. He stood as white as his own shirt, utterly aghast—a picture of guilt if ever a man was.

"Nonsense!" cried Brevoort with swift and generous loyalty. "Do you think a gentleman and a Delavan would play so scurvy a trick? For shame!"

"Gentleman or Delavan I know a welcher when I see him!" cried Rachel. She was all virago now; such few restraints as had

bound her before were lost. "If I were a man I'd thrash you—I'd help to string you up to the nearest lamp post—welcher—welcher—welcher!"

And it was in this moment that Pat chose to come down the stairs from the bell tower to seek escape. Brevoort saw her first; cried out and a moment later could have bitten out his tongue as he realized what must be the truth. Larry turned; so, like a shot, did Rachel. Triumph blazed in her eyes.

"Aye—and there's the sneaking brat that did his dirty work for the welcher!" she cried shrilly. "I saw him about before the fight and ordered him home—and he sneaked back behind me back!"

"Pat!" cried Larry in agony. "Tell me you didn't do it—I'll believe you, boy, whether any one else does or not!"

"Sure, and I can't tell you that, for I did!" she cried in answer. "Wasn't it the only way to save you from losing every last dollar you have left in all the world?"

"Good God!" groaned Larry.

"The fine gentleman he is!" shrieked Rachel. "There's his honor for you—setting the boy to do his work and then not havin' the courage to own up! Shame—shame—shame!"

Suddenly she sprang toward Pat, who shrank back against the wall, afraid of this woman as she would have been of no man. But Larry saw and stepped between them.

"Hands off! Be still, you!" he said sternly to Rachel. "I tell you there's some mistake here. I knew nothing of this!"

"Of course he didn't!" said Brevoort. "Pat should be whipped—but he's only a little boy who knew no better!"

Irving was listening with a face full of anxiety. Now he turned to Larry and whispered in his ear:

"They've found it was a false alarm. I hear the mob coming back," he said. "We must get out of here—there's no telling

what they'll do when they hear the truth. And we can't silence this wench."

"Right!" said Larry. "Thank God for your cool head, Wash! Come, Pat—come, gentlemen—we'll go to my house—"

Rachel made as if to bar their way, but at Larry's stern command she stood aside and made no further effort to check them. But she sent after them a stream of language so vile that Pat cowered at the sound of it.

Slowly they made their way across Bowling Green to Larry's house. The men were grave and stern. Pat began to realize for the first time the enormity of what she had done—in their eyes. They said nothing to her; the moment was too grave, was still too fraught with serious and dangerous possibilities for reproaches or scoldings.

At the house Reilley was waiting. He cried out thankfully at the sight of Pat, then beset the others with eager questions, to which none made any reply. Larry turned to him.

"Double lock the doors—bar all the windows as stoutly as you can!" he said.

They went upstairs then and stood looking toward the fire house. They could see the mob come back; could see, too, how Rachel met them and her vehement gestures as she cried out her news. And then she was pointing—pointing straight toward them.

"Now she's telling them," said Irving. "Almost time to look for our guests to begin arriving, Larry!"

Now they could see the Terror, the same dreadful figure he had been in the ring, facing the crowd and shouting to it. The next moment something flashed in his hand.

"God—look at that whip he's got!" said Brevoort, and shivered. "I'd as soon be hung as have him lay that on my back!"

"Ready," said Irving. "Here they come."

The Terror had turned toward them, and now, with a wild wave of his hand, he began to run across the Green and toward them.

Behind him came the mob, shrieking, clamorous and ugly in its rage.

Suddenly Larry turned to Pat.

"For God's sake, Pat!" he cried, "why did you do it?"

"I told you!" she cried. "I couldn't bear to see you losing the little you had left—to him!" She fixed baleful eyes on Brevoort. "Now you know! I tried to save you!"

"And what you've done is to brand me to the whole city as a coward—a cheat—a trickster who bets and tries to get out of paying when he loses!"

"Oh!" cried Patricia. For the first time some conception of the enormity of what she had done came to her, and helpless to check herself, she burst into tears. Larry turned away with a gesture of helpless irritation.

"Never mind, Larry—he's only a boy," said Irving, "and we've no time to bother with all that now. This looks as if it might be an ugly business."

The mob was coming. It was at the gate; now it was beating upon the door.

"They'll have it down in a minute—no door can stand against that sort of pounding!" said Irving.

"Here!" said Larry, "I'll speak to them. I can stop them—"

"You're mad!" said Brevoort.

"No—no—he shan't go!" wailed Pat.

"Listen to reason, man," said Irving.

"Do you suppose I care what they do to me?" cried Larry furiously. "They think me a cheat—I'll show them at least I'm not a coward!"

And pushing Irving away he sprang down and rushed to the door, too swift for the others, who were on his heels, to stop him. He flung the door open and so sudden was his appearance that the Terror, who stood there, his great whip raised, started back.

"You—you—cheat!" cried the Terror. "Stopped the fight—kept me from winning—"

"Hang him! Tie him up and whip him! Make him pay all the bets we'd have won!"

A hundred voices cried out a hundred demands for vengeance. The Terror and another man took hold of Larry, who stood, making no resistance, flinching not at all. Then suddenly a figure shot through the door. It was Pat, flinging herself upon the Terror, kicking and scratching. So startled was he by the sudden attack that he gave ground, and for a moment Larry was free; and for a moment, too, sheer amazement held the mob silent.

"It was I rang the bell!" she screamed. "Mr. Delavan knew nothing of it. It's me you want—not him."

"Pat—go back!" cried Larry.

But she ignored him. Her fighting blood was up.

"Yes—me—you cowards!" she cried. "Oh, you're brave enough when you're a hundred to one! I did it—to save him from

losing to cowards like you! There's the truth—take it and be damned to you!"

She stood there facing them. Larry reached a hand to draw her back. But the Terror was swift to act for once. With a wild yell he snatched Patricia from Larry's grasp, swung her up into his arms and rushed off, back through the garden with the mob yelling and shrieking as, guessing his design, it followed him.

## CHAPTER XX

Sheer instinct kept Pat fighting as the Terror carried her off. Never in all her life had she known such fear as this. The man's great arms crushed her; the brute in him, never far below the surface of his precarious veneer of civilization, was roused as it had not been even during the fight with Brewster.

Everything conspired to lash the Terror to a frenzy; to animate him; to fill him with a cruel and malignant purpose. The mob, howling and roaring about him as he ran; the slender, kicking figure that he held, fists beating upon him, thin voice screaming at him; the torches that cast a ruddy glare over everything; the knowledge that he had in his power, to do with as he pleased, a

member of a class that he despised, hated and—feared.

For the Terror this was a night of nights. He loved adulation and the shouts of a mob. And he was in a position of supreme authority now; never, in his life before, had his passion for glorifying himself had such rich food to feed upon.

Some in the mob must have known that there could not, in the very nature of things, be much time for what was to be done. They had seen Larry and his friends rush out after them; might have guessed the significance of the way that Larry checked the others as they would have followed; might have known, even without hearing his words, what he was saying.

For Larry alone in this crisis had kept his head. When Brevoort and Halleck would have rushed blindly on to destruction in an effort immediately to rescue Pat, and even Irving, carried away by his pity, would have followed blindly, regardless of the

impossibility of accomplishing anything against such odds, Larry assumed the leadership.

"What are you stopping us for?" Brevoort cried angrily. "They'll kill that boy —there's murder in that brute—"

"Don't argue now—get help—get help!" cried Larry. "There'll be some at Delmonico's—others at all the houses. Get arms—but tell every one not to use them unless we must! Hurry—hurry—"

"He's right!" shouted Irving. "We're no good alone—but we can raise enough to get him away from them—"

And meanwhile the Terror rushed on, surrounded and followed by the mob. The sight of the whipping post, raised on a platform, checked him; the evil light in his eyes grew keener. He rushed up the steps to the platform and turned to face his followers, still holding Pat, limp now, and almost unconscious, in his huge arms.

"What'll we do with him, mates?" cried

the Terror. He pointed to the post. "Trice him up—eh? Whip him till the blood comes?"

"Yes! Yes!" A mighty shriek of approval answered him. "Whip him! Let's see him bleed!"

"Take it out of his hide—that's what we'll do!" the Terror shouted. "Get a rope, some one—"

The Terror let Pat slip down, so that she stood swaying on the platform. But she was not free; he still held one shoulder in a vicious, crushing grip. A man came pushing his way through the crowd carrying a rope; another brought the terrible whip the Terror had dropped as he ran, and as she saw them Pat, realizing what was in prospect for her, began once more to struggle.

But she had no chance. They only laughed at her struggles. One man held her; another tied her hands together in front of her with one end of the rope; a third, the loose end of the rope in his teeth,

seized the top of Pat's jacket and shirt and ripped it. The jacket and the shirt were cleanly torn; they fell away, and even the Terror caught his breath at the whiteness of the soft skin beneath. And now Pat's last defense was down indeed. She shrieked out in her agony.

"Stop!" she screamed. "For the love of Heaven, stop! I'm a girl!"

Only the Terror perhaps actually heard her words in the wild tumult that was rising all about the platform, but he had heard. His eyes were like saucers; he stared, dumbfounded and amazed for a moment, then:

"Drop the rope!" he snarled, and the men who were holding Pat obeyed and let her slide down, to stand so faint and sick that she almost collapsed. But the Terror's hand snatched at her again; spun her around; tore then at her shirt. She grasped it quickly, covering herself. But the Terror had seen enough.

And now Pat found that there were depths of fear and horror that she had not plumbed before, even when the great whip had curled about her shoulders. The look in the Terror's eyes was one she had never seen before, but that she understood and shrank from on the instant. His hands were opening and closing; his breath came in great, short pants; his bloodshot eyes never left her.

For the moment he had forgotten the mob. But by this time it, too, knew the truth, and even in her fear and consternation snatches of its dirty, ugly talk came to Pat's ears, and to the Terror's, too, in time. He dropped his whip and turned to face it.

"There'll be no whipping here!" he shouted. "She's mine—d'you see? I'll punish her—but I'll do it alone! Get out!"

He seized her again as he finished; snatched her in his arms once more and began slowly to descend the steps. From the mob there came now a menacing roar; they cared nothing that this was a girl; in the

mood those men were in a girl was no safer than a man from punishment.

Pat had fainted at last; gained so a brief respite from fear and shame. The Terror went on down the steps slowly; a man tried to snatch at Pat and went down under the terrific impact of a great fist. Others were in the way; with one hand the Terror dealt with them.

In a worthier cause the fight the Terror made against that mob would have been worthy of an epic; would have been heroic, magnificent, a theme for poets to dwell upon. It beat against him; assailed him from all sides; was driven back again and again. Men went down before his mighty blows as ninepins fall; lay still, unable or afraid to rise, and were trampled by their furious fellows.

But gradually now something was happening. The movement of the crowd was changing. From its outskirts came a new sort of clamor; rage was giving way to fear. There

was hard fighting now; a new element had come into the situation.

For Larry and the rest had rallied the forces of order. Larry was leading now a skillfully planned attack. The gentlemen who had answered the call were formed into a wedge; using their sticks they made their way through the mob, splitting it so that a path was opening to the storm center about the Terror. Larry reached him first; Reilley and Irving were close behind him.

And now for the first time the Terror had to fight against real odds, and odds that daunted him—against courage finer than his own, since it was of the mind and not of the body alone, and against wits keener, more resourceful than his. He dropped Pat at last and Halleck snatched her away, protecting her as the others disposed of the remnants of the mob. And before the joint onslaught of the three men the Terror went down at last under a rain of blows and lay

a monstrous, fearful figure, bedaubed with blood and grime.

"Pat! Pat!" cried Larry, turning to her so soon as he was free. "Are you hurt?"

She opened her eyes, struggled to rise, and he supported her with one arm.

"N-no," she gasped. "I—I'm all right. Oh, Larry—if you don't know it yet you soon will. I'm a cheat and a thief. 'Tis not Pat I am at all, but me own sister Patricia!"

"I know—I know!" he cried. "Thank God you're safe—thank God we were in time."

Pat swayed as he spoke, and he caught her up in his arms.

"Get her back to the house," said Irving. "She can't stand much more! Lord, what a night—what a night!"

"She's all right, I think," said Brevoort anxiously. "Did you ever see such spunk? And a girl!"

"Then—" Halleck's voice rose in his ex-

citement. "But then—Larry's the heir—"

"I never thought of that!" said Brevoort. "Gad—but it's so!"

"He hasn't thought of it yet—and won't," said Irving dryly. "Not yet awhile at any rate."

Larry paid no attention to them. His eyes and his thoughts were all for Pat, who had fainted again and lay still and lifeless in his arms.

"Hurry, Reilley!" said Larry. "Run on ahead while we bring her over. Get brandy —blankets—make things ready."

"Run is it!" said old Reilley under his breath as he began to move stiffly. "Sure, and it's lucky I am that I can walk! But praise the Saints I've been in one more fight before my death!"

Slowly and gently now, carrying Pat with care and tenderness, Larry began to move toward his house with the others as a body-guard. The Terror lay still where they had left him.

And now, untouched by the fight, Bunny, the policeman, came stealing back—brave as you please now that the mob was gone. He spied the Terror lying on the ground; a stern light came into the one eye Bunny could still turn upon the world. He approached the prostrate figure; stirred it cautiously with his foot.

"Come over from Hoboken, will ye?" he said. "Murderin' and rarin' and keepin' decent folk from their sleep! I'll arrest ye —that's what I'll do!"

Irving alone saw that bit of by-play; he was laughing as he followed Larry and the others into the house.

Astor was there, greatly excited and concerned. He had some garbled version of the tale; he was hot with questions now. Larry ignored him; devoted himself first of all to placing Pat on a couch and covering her with one of the blankets Reilley had brought.

"Gentlemen—" he said. "Will you ex-

cuse me—and leave me alone with Pat for a few minutes?"

"Of course—" said Brevoort.

"Naturally—" echoed Halleck.

"I don't know," said Irving, and shook his head with a smile. "I'm not sure it's not the duty of your friends to stay with you just now, Larry!"

But as Larry was about to answer him hotly, Pat herself sprang to her feet.

"I'm all right!" she cried. "But I'm sick and tired of this masqueradin'! I want to be who I am—and I will be!"

And before any one could stop her she ran to the door and toward the stairs.

"What does this mean?" cried Astor, startled.

"Gentlemen!" said Larry. "Don't ask me to explain yet—I can't! But, as some of you know already, I have discovered that our little Patrick is not a boy at all, but a girl—is not young Patrick O'Day, but his sister Patricia!"

Astor fell back. He looked very grave.

"This—but this is a very serious matter, indeed!" he said. "The Town Council must act upon this!"

"Oh, stuff," said Brevoort. "What difference does it make? It's all coming out properly now, Mr. Astor!"

"I could not expect you to appreciate the gravity of such a matter, Mr. Brevoort!" said Astor sternly. "But I look to Delavan, here, for some good sense. He knows that this girl—if girl she is—has committed a crime—"

"I know nothing of the sort!" said Larry furiously. "He—she couldn't do anything that was wrong! I'd stake my life on that!"

"The plot," said Irving, "does not begin to thicken—it is thick. I wonder now what will be the end of this!"

"Old Astor's furious," said Halleck nervously. "If Larry's wise he won't try to cross him to-night. There's no doing any-

thing with him when he looks like that. I know."

"I beg you, gentlemen," said Larry. "I have no wish to seem inhospitable—but will you let Reilley bring your things and leave me for to-night? I will answer all your questions to-morrow—as fully and as early as you please! But to-night I must stand excused."

But Astor was still grave.

"Impersonation is a crime," he said, "and there was intent to defraud. The girl is no better than a common thief such as you see in the stocks or tied to the whipping post every day. I must hold you responsible for her safe-keeping to-night if I leave her here, Delavan!"

"You may hold me responsible for anything if you will only go now!" cried Larry rudely. "Reilley—"

"All right, Larry," said Irving soothingly. "We're going this minute."

Tense and nervous Larry watched them

go. Then, when Reilley came back from the door, Larry waved him away.

"Go to bed, Reilley," he ordered. "I'll lock up down here and see that everything is right."

Reilley obeyed him without question, and then at the foot of the stairs Larry waited until at last he saw a shadow on the wall and a moment later Pat's head peering shyly down toward him.

"Come, Pat," he said. "Don't be afraid."

"It's not afraid I am—it's ashamed to show meself to you in clothes like these!"

For all his deep emotion Larry had to laugh at that.

"Don't you dare to be laughin' at me!" said Pat, and withdrew her head at once.

"Pat—dear!" said Larry. "When I think of what might have happened to you to-night—"

"Faith, then, and it didn't, so let's not be worryin' over what might have been!" she said. "Oh, Mr. Larry—are you not

angry with me? 'Tis all I care for—what might have happened or what may happen now won't matter beside that!"

"Angry!" he said. "Oh, Pat—I'm so glad you're a girl that I could—"

"Ah, Mr. Larry, don't you be sayin' more until you've seen the sort of girl I am! Sure, you may not be likin' me at all, at all, when you have."

And she turned and went up the stairs, down which she had come a little way. He sprang to follow her, but she checked him with her outstretched hand.

"Wait till the mornin's mornin'!" she begged. "Sure, 'tis not so long till then now!"

He stopped, and at the head of the stairs she turned again and brushed her fingers with her lips and threw him so, the ghost of a kiss.

## CHAPTER XXI

Morning came for Larry after a sleepless night. He was stirred and excited as he had never been before. And he was deeply worried, too, for he knew old Astor and his stern and rigid adherence to his code. In Astor's eyes a crime against property was the cardinal sin; he could forgive almost any offense more easily.

Pat's youth, her beauty, would move him not at all. He would not see her as a madcap girl, lured into a false position, as Larry knew she must have been; for Astor she would be only one who had sought by false pretense to gain what was not hers by right.

These were stern days. The country and the city were still young; majesty was coming only slowly to attend upon the law's

decrees and men like Astor, for whose success stability was utterly essential, were merciless in their dealings with evil-doers. Harsh was the fate they meted out to those who stole that others might be deterred from following so evil and so dangerous an example.

He was early at Pat's door, knocking, pleading with her to come out, but there was no answer. Again and again in the early hours after the dawn he tried in vain to lure her out. He was anxious and disturbed when Brevoort and Irving came, full of anxious inquiries for him and for Patricia.

"How is she?" asked Brevoort. "Gad—she did as plucky a thing when she faced that mob as any of us will ever see!"

"I don't know how she is," said Larry. "She's locked in her room and won't come out. The only soul she's spoken to this day is Reilley."

"And here comes Reilley now," said Irv-

ing, looking through the window. "Carrying a bundle nearly as big as himself!"

Reilley looked confused when he came in and saw the three men staring at him; they seldom kept hours as early as this unless they had been up all night.

"Where have you been?" asked Larry. "We want coffee—"

"One moment, Mr. Larry," said Reilley. "I've been on an errand for Mast—for Miss Patricia, and I had to wait till the store was open."

"What have you there?" asked Brevoort, poking at the bundle with his cane.

Reilley smiled wisely.

"Gentlemen, I promised not to tell," he said. "If you'll be excusin' me a moment while I run upstairs with it I'll have your coffee ready in no time."

"Go on with you then!" said Larry, laughing. "There's nothing for us to do but wait. But I suppose we can all guess what's in that bundle—eh?"

"I can," said Irving. "Larry—what do you think? Will Astor go through with his threat to take this whole business to the Town Council or can we make him listen to reason, do you suppose?"

"We must," said Brevoort. "He's a stiff-necked old codger, but we've some influence among us. I shall try what I can do, for one."

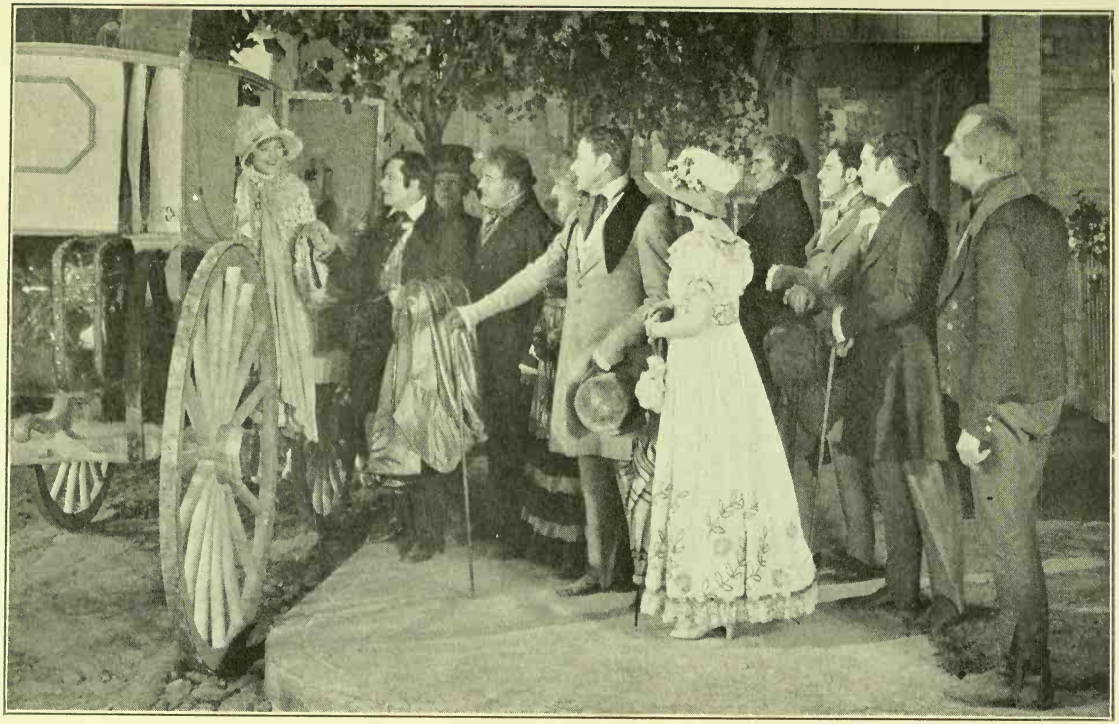
"And I," said Irving. "But Astor's a hard man to move once he's made up that mind of his. Hello—what's that?"

There was a furious knocking at the door. The next moment Halleck burst in. He was panting; plainly he had been running hard and fast.

"And what ails *you?*" asked Brevoort.

"It's — old — Astor!" gasped Halleck. "He's called a special meeting of the Town Council and he's gone there now to start proceedings against him—I mean her."

"Good Lord!" said Brevoort.



*Cosmopolitan Photoplay.* *Little Old New York.*

OFF FOR ENGLAND. PATRICIA DEPARTS WITH LARRY FOR THE BOAT.

"It's what I was afraid of!" cried Irving.

Larry thought fast.

"Halleck—you're the best one to go," he said. "Get to the meeting—let us know what happens. Hurry, won't you?"

Halleck went to the door, but as he reached it he started back. Rachel Brewster and her battered brother were there, just coming in.

"Be off!" said Larry angrily. "How dare you come into my house?"

"I'll show you how I dare!" cried Rachel shrilly. "I'm here and here I'll stay until I find her. I'm within my rights—I want the reward there is for the catching of a thief—and I was the one spied her out first!"

"Get out!" said Larry, and took a step toward her, pointing to the door.

Brewster blustered and moved toward Larry, who looked at him contemptuously.

"No one is afraid of *you!*" he said. "Not after what you showed us last night."

Brewster looked sullen.

"Last night!" he said, "I was just encouragin' the Terror so he'd fight me again! In another ten minutes I'd have beaten the head off of him!"

"That's all we want to hear from you!" said Larry sternly. "I tell you again to go! This is my house and I'll not have you in it!"

"I'll stay and you'll not put me out, nor the likes of you, you welcher!" said Rachel. "Where is she—where are you hidin' her?"

"Go!" said Larry, and even Rachel quailed before the menace in his voice.

But at that moment Irving, who stood in the door, cried out in astonishment. He snatched Larry's arm.

"Look!" he said, pointing to the stairs.

Pat was coming down. She was all woman now; older than she had looked as her own brother; lovely and appealing in her timidity. The men stood gaping; Brewster as much amazed and struck with admiration

as any of the rest. But Rachel remembered only the reward this girl represented. She started for her with a cry of triumph, only to be roughly pushed aside by Larry, who rushed past her to Patricia.

She looked at him, her eyes cast down.

"Oh, Pat," he said, "you're wonderful!"

And he held out his hand to her. She took it gracefully and he led her down the stairs. At their foot Brevoort and Irving waited to greet her. Brewster and his sister were waiting, too, but now Reilley came back and at a gesture from Larry he drove the precious pair before him out into the garden.

"Pat," said Larry, "may I have the honor of presenting two of my dearest friends—Mr. Irving, Miss O'Day, and Mr. Brevoort."

Pat courtesied to them, laughing, but there were tears in her eyes as, with a courtly grace they kissed her hand.

"I suppose that now, Miss O'Day," said

Irving, "you will be giving up that occasional pinch of snuff you have so much enjoyed?"

"Go on with you!" said Pat. She dimpled as she laughed. "Do you know, it was you I was most afraid of all the time, lest you be findin' out I was not a boy at all?"

"You flatter me," said Irving, bowing. "But I fear I was as blind as the rest!"

Reilley still stood in the door, watching the Brewsters, who were lingering outside. And now Irving, happening to look at him, saw a look of deep concern come into his expression.

"What's the matter, Reilley?" he asked, going over to him.

For answer Reilley pointed down the path and Irving saw old Bunny, the policeman, coming up, wearing an air of great importance and dignity.

Inept and ridiculous a figure though Bunny had cut the night before, he was armed with all the majesty of the law, and

he came in now with none to bar his way. He was breathing hard and, taking a document from his pocket, he spoke in a stern tone.

"I have an order," he said, "for the arrest of one Jane Doe, sometime resident here and known as Patrick O'Day."

He looked about and spied Pat, who was shrinking away from him. He took a step toward her, his hand outstretched, but Larry pushed him aside.

"Don't you dare to interfere with me!" said Bunny. "She is to be brought before the Town Council forthwith to show good and just cause why she should not first be exposed in the stocks and then imprisoned for two years for the crime of fraudulent impersonation!"

All in the room stood staring at one another. Larry's arm was about Pat, and now it tightened. He turned to her.

"I'll fight all of New York before they'll ever put you in prison for this!" he cried.

"I'm with you, Larry!" said Brevoort. "This is a stupid outrage—old Astor should have better sense!"

"He should—but he hasn't," said Irving. "Anything that I can do—I stand with you, too, Larry, of course, as you know. You're the only one would have been harmed—if you're willing to let matters rest so should Astor and the Council."

"Don't worry, Pat," said Larry. "They can't touch you!"

"The law's the law," said Pat, with a tragic sigh. "It's bitter cause I've had to learn that in my time—in the old days at home. But all I'm askin' is that they give me a chance to make an explanation first before they put me in the jail."

"Every prisoner has a right to be heard in his or her own defense," said Bunny, enjoying the chance to hold the center of the stage. "But we must hurry—these great gentlemen of the Council are not used to being kept waiting. Come, gentlemen—

you'll only make matters worse if you resist the law."

"And that's true, too," said Irving. "Come—we can make Astor and the rest listen to reason. I don't know Pat's explanation but I'll wager it's a good one."

She gave him a grateful look for that. Save for Larry she liked him better than any man she had come upon yet in this wild land of America.

"Come, then," said Larry with a sigh. "I suppose they're right, Pat—we must face the music. But we'll do it together."

There was sheer adoration in the look that Pat gave him then and Irving turned away.

## CHAPTER XXII

THE Council was in session when Pat was brought in by Bunny; Larry, Brevoort and Reilley following close behind. Close, too, were Rachel Brewster and her brother. Pat, more frightened than she wanted Larry to know, looked up quickly as she entered. The first familiar face she saw was Astor's, but he scowled as his eyes met hers, and the timid smile with which she had begun to greet him was frozen on her lips. Mr. Schuyler, the banker, looked solemn; Chancellor Livingston, whom she recognized, grave and deeply concerned.

The great room, with its tall windows and its rich and heavy hangings, had an oppressive atmosphere. Yet Pat's spirit soared free of depression, of fear, of gloom, almost

at once. Before Bunny or Larry, who stood at her other side, could guess her intention, she darted from between them, ran around the long table in the center of the room and reached Astor.

"Oh, Mr. Astor!" she cried, "you'll not let them put me in jail, will you?"

A hushed murmur of protesting voices greeted her breach of etiquette. Astor, amazed and indignant, repulsed her.

"Go back at once!" he said sternly. "This case is not one for me to decide alone. You will be dealt with in due form and course."

The clerk had ready the papers pertaining to the case and he handed them now to Astor, with a stern look at Pat. Astor read the charge, then turned to Patricia.

"A trial seems to be unnecessary in this case," he said. "There can be no dispute as to the facts. You did, as the charge recites, falsely represent yourself to be Patrick O'Day, your brother, named as heir in

the will of the late Richard O'Day, well knowing that the said Patrick O'Day was dead. You did willfully, maliciously, and with full knowledge of the character of your actions, defraud Lawrence Delavan of what was rightfully his.

"You have, in addition, been guilty of other offenses against the peace and dignity of the people. But it has been decided to overlook these and to press only the one charge against you, and failing the utterly improbable event of your being able now, upon the opportunity which, as I understand it, at your own request is given you to justify your conduct, you will be sent to prison for two years. You may speak if you believe that anything you say can affect the decision of the Council."

Larry started forward indignantly.

"Two years in prison for that girl—you might as well kill her outright—" he cried. "I—"

"Shh—wait," said Irving, seizing his

arm. And Brevoort on his other side also held him back.

"Let the girl speak—she can argue her case better than you," said Brevoort. "Gad—the councillors may be old men but there must be some hearts among the ten of them! Look at her, Wash—would you have the heart to punish her?"

"You may speak," said Astor again.

"Sure, and I think 'twould make you be easier on me, like, if you knew why I did what I did," she said. "May I be tellin' you the story?"

Astor nodded.

"If you do not take too long," he said. "There is much other business before the Council to-day."

"Well, then," said Pat, "you must be thinkin' of me as a bit girl in Ireland, livin' with my father and my young brother Patrick. Poor we were—poor as none of you can ever know people can be and still be decent. And all the time there was my

uncle that had come here with the money my father had given him and grown rich—and us living on what scraps we could.

"And then he died, as you know well—and by change of heart he had it in his mind to right the wrong he'd done his only brother and his closest kin. So it was he left his money to my brother—but ruled that within the year he must be here to claim it.

"I mind the day that Mr. Astor's lawyer found us—just when we were bein' put out of our cottage. My father was like a wild man—my brother had his death upon him then. But there was no time to nurse him—with the money there was then he could have been made well had we had months instead of the bare weeks to bring him here to claim what was his.

"So, as sick as he was, we made our way to London with the lawyer and took ship and started for America, and the terrible rough voyage that it was! The very sailors said they'd never seen the like, nor known

a ship to live through such storms as came upon us. And all the time my brother Patrick grew worse and worse—until, at long last, while we were still upon the sea, he died."

She paused; there were tears in her eyes, and Irving squeezed Larry's arm in sympathy.

"So there we were," Pat went on, "my father and myself, bound for a strange land, where we had neither friends nor kin. And in my father's sight his brother's money, that his brother could never have made without the help that he had lent him, was marked to go to one of them that had turned my uncle from his own."

She turned to look at Larry.

"You'll remember that he was not knowing Mr. Larry then," she said, "and of him he thought as one of the Delavans that had made his brother forget his duty. 'Grasping' he called him and 'mean,' and all manner of things beside—and thought he spoke

the truth. And in his wildness the father of lies put this lie into his mind—that I should put on my little brother's clothes and we pretend that it was I, not Pat, that had died.

"I thought nothin' of it at that time—sure, and what was I, a girl like me, to be thinking of, going against my own father? But—when we came—I was afraid. That very night I begged him not to make me go on. But when I saw the way that it made him, me opposing him and crossing him, I was silent for very shame.

"I was alone with him when he died. Reilley knows that!"

She looked about for Reilley and looked at him appealingly and Reilley rose and bowed.

"She speaks the truth there, gentlemen. The late Mr. O'Day ordered me from his room, and I understood that he had something to say before he died not for my ears."

Astor nodded.

"That you were influenced to pursue your course is known and has been taken into account already," he said. "You may not realize how greatly that fact has tempered the judgment of the Council."

"Then God help the poor devil for whom they can't find any extenuation!" said Larry bitterly under his breath. Astor and one or two of the others looked at him sharply, but nothing was said to him.

"He made me swear while I held his dying hand!" said Pat. "He made me take an oath that I would keep on as I had begun! What could I do after that? Would you have had me false—and had him come back to haunt me? He died in peace for what I did that I knew was wrong—if I'm to go to prison for that, then I must go!"

She looked desperately from one to another of her judges. In none of the eyes that were fixed upon her was there a trace of pity. These men were stern, implacable. Property had become their God—and here

was one who had offended against that God.

"Can you not see?" cried Pat. "He was mad—my father that I loved—that had cared for me and tended me all my life! Mad—driven into madness by misfortune and sorrow! He had seen my mother die for lack of the things she should have had. And now, with peace and ease and fortune in our grasp—everything was lost again!

"And he had seen his only son die—who would be living now but for the cruel will his uncle made. Is it so great a wonder that my father was beside himself? He was a good man—as good a man as any of you! In his right senses he would never have thought of doing a thing against the law to do. But do you know, you, any of you, that had you been tempted as he was you would have been stronger than he?"

"Beside the point," said Schuyler, interrupting her. "I cannot see, gentlemen, that the prisoner is adding any new information

to that which we already possess concerning this case."

One by one the others nodded. Only in Astor's eyes was there any sign of a change. In Larry, as he looked at the old merchant, a faint hope began to dawn. And now, indeed, Astor spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am disposed to feel that some further deliberation of this case may be required, even though it is unlikely that our decision can be altered. I suggest, however, that instead of remanding the prisoner at once to jail, she be left in my custody until this afternoon."

Schuyler looked bored; one or two of the others were puzzled. But Chancellor Livingston nodded, gravely.

"I agree," he said.

It was not often that a decision reached jointly by Astor and Livingston was challenged by the rest. Nor was it done in this instance.

"Wait here," said Astor, gruffly, as the

other councillors went out. He beckoned to Reilley, and spoke to him in a low tone, after which Reilley disappeared. Pat was with Larry; Irving and Brevoort stayed close to them, and Halleck, with nervous glances at Astor, presently joined them.

"I think it's going to be all right!" said Irving. "Astor's on our side, though he hates to admit it—he was more moved when Pat was telling her story than I have ever seen him."

"She shan't go to prison!" said Larry, fiercely.

"That is not for you to say, Larry," said Astor. "The decision is yet to be made. For now—you will stay here, all of you, while I attend to some business that awaits me. I shall be back soon."

It was Irving who led the others to the window then, so that Larry and Pat were left alone.

"Larry—tell me you've forgiven me!"

said Pat. "It's nothin' I'm caring for the others—"

"Pat—Pat, dearest—" Larry's voice was broken. "I've nothing to forgive—I've everything to thank you for! Except for you I'd have gone on making a fool of myself, as I always did before you came!

"I've learned now what it means to be poor—I shall be the better able to handle riches. And—what's mine is yours—just as you tried to make mine what was yours—"

A gleam of pure mischief lighted up Pat's eyes.

"How can that be, Larry?" she asked. "Sure, it's a young lady I am now, and not a wild boy—and young ladies cannot be taking money from gentlemen unless—"

"You witch!" cried Larry. "Don't you know I mean—"

"Patricia!"

Astor's stern voice interrupted them.

"Yes, sir," she said, meekly, turning to him.

Behind him, in the door, stood Reilley—and he had with him the two small trunks that Pat had brought with her to Larry's house.

"I have reached a decision concerning you," he said. "One of my ships is sailing for London on this tide. You must sail upon her. Reilley is here to take you and your boxes aboard."

For a moment Pat, dazed, did not fully understand. Then a cry of gratitude burst from her.

"Then it's not to prison I'm to go?"

"Not this time," said Astor, gruffly. "You have had a very narrow escape, young lady. If Mr. Delavan had not been generous enough to forgive your attempt to despoil him of his inheritance, and if I had not been even more anxious to do him a favor than to uphold the law—"

He stopped, significantly. There were

tears in Pat's eyes as she turned to Larry.

"Oh, I must go!" she said. "Good-by, Larry—and thank you for all you've done for me! Will you—will you be missin' me a little when I'm far away across the sea?"

"He will not," said Astor, dryly. "For he goes, too. There must be time for all this scandal of the fight to die down and be forgotten before he comes again to New York. And I have business matters in London that he can care for in my place, when he reads the letters of instruction he will find aboard the ship."

Irving's slap upon his back, Brevoort's swift grasp of his hand, brought Larry, stunned by Astor's words, to his senses.

"Pat!" he cried. "To go together! Mr. Astor—I'll be grateful to you as long as I live!"

But Astor, with a great show of firmness, waved him off. Pat, though, was no longer to be deceived. She rushed at Astor sud-

denly, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

"You're the best man in the wide world!" she said.

"Faith, and he's the wisest, too," said old Reilley, with a chuckle. "For he has put a minister aboard that ship, who's waiting, just in case he should be needed for a—christening, or some such matter—"

Pat's cheeks flamed. But Larry, his head high, went to her, and whispered to her, his lips close to her ear. And then, tenderly and gravely, quite heedless of the others, he bent and kissed her.

"Time enough for that!" said Reilley, abruptly, with the privilege of his years of service. "We must be getting aboard while there's still time."

And, ruthlessly, he interrupted Larry's lovemaking. Brevoort and Irving helped with the bags and boxes; Reilley, it seemed, acting under Astor's orders, had already

packed Larry's things and taken them to the ship.

So, on the deck, with Irving for best man, and Brevoort and Reilley, Astor and Halleck, for witnesses, Larry and Pat were married, and, as the sun sank down into the sea, looked back to see little old New York fading upon the western horizon behind them.

THE END

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